



THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1779

JUNE 9, 1906

PRICE THREEPENCE

Education

ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY (INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER).

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that on WEDNESDAY, 25th of July next, the Senate will proceed to elect an Examiner in the English Language and Literature, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Prof. J. Lawrence, D. Lit., M.A.

The Examiner appointed will be called upon to take part in the Examination of both Internal and External Students, and will be eligible for two annual re-elections. The remuneration of the Examinership consists of a Retaining Fee for the year, and a *pro rata* payment for Papers set, Answers marked, and Meetings attended. Full particulars can be obtained on application to the Principal.

Candidates must send in their names to the Principal, with any attestation of their qualifications they may think desirable, on or before MONDAY, JUNE 18. If testimonials are submitted, three copies should be forwarded. Original testimonials should not be sent. (It is particularly desired that no application of any kind be made to individual Members of the Senate.)

By Order of the Senate,

ARTHUR W. RÜCKER, *Principal*.

University of London,
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May 1906.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, WEST KENSINGTON.—An examination will be held at the above School on Tuesday, June 26, 1906, and on the following days for filling up several vacancies on the foundation.—Full particulars can be obtained on application to the Bursar.

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THE COUNCIL will shortly proceed to fill the vacancy in the Chair of Sanskrit caused by the appointment of Prof. E. J. Rapson to the Chair of Sanskrit in the University of Cambridge.

Applications, accompanied by such testimonials and other evidences of fitness for the post as candidates may wish to submit, should reach the Secretary, from whom further information may be obtained, not later than June 23.

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CONTENTS

	Page		Page
The Literary Week	539	A Literary Causerie:	
Literature:		Science in Fiction	548
Ab Urbe Condita	542	Fiction	550
The Likeness of Mary Stuart	543	Flâne Art:	
Unsigned Criticism	543	Mr. Augustus John	551
Strolling Professors	545	Round the Galleries	552
Romanesque Art	545	Music:	
Fountain	546	A Sidelight upon Wagner	552
Walt Whitman's Style	547	Correspondence	554
Tears	548	Books Received	555
Sumptuary	548	Bookshelf	556

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THE LITERARY WEEK

WHEN Mr. Upton Sinclair's novel, "The Jungle," reached us in due course last March from Mr. Heinemann, we put it aside for further consideration. And the more we considered it, the less we felt inclined to have it reviewed in these columns. As a piece of vivid, straightforward and workmanlike writing, it deserved notice; but its workmanship was not the only thing to be weighed. It was, and is, impossible to treat such a book as a work of fiction, for the one important question—the one test by which the work must stand as a manly and daring criticism of life, or fall as one of the lowest pieces of sensationalism ever perpetrated—was just this: Does it tell the truth? If it did not, if Mr. Upton Sinclair had drawn on his imagination for these sickening details to tickle degraded palates, his book would have deserved to stand next to "Maria Monk" in the windows of a certain class of shop, and himself to be reprehended for committing an offence against the public conscience as great as that of any provider of salacious literature. Who in England and among men of letters was to judge whether his facts were true or not?

The judgment has been pronounced, and by the only court which had a right to speak. The United States President, the United States people, have declared that Mr. Sinclair is no panderer to perverted appetite, but a brave man who has dared not only to tell the truth, but to tell it in the form in which it can be most widely distributed and loudly proclaimed. That being so, we cannot but regard it as unfortunate that the Press and the Government of the United States, by taking up one point only of Mr. Sinclair's indictment, have drawn the attention of the public towards one abuse, to the neglect of others which are quite as important and quite as shameful. Some of the daily papers have revelled in the nauseating details of the manufacture of canned and preserved meats. It is good that our food should be pure: it is not good that we should give exclusive attention to our own stomachs when the crimes against society disclosed in Mr. Sinclair's pages are more and worse than that of laying a large number of people open to the chance of being poisoned.

Mr. Sinclair is more than a "pure-fooder"; and it is unfair to him to disregard that fact. The eaters of canned meats may die: the makers of them must die. *Caveat emptor*: you are not forced to eat canned meat. The miserable Lithuanian or Pole, the Jurgis Rudkus whom political tyranny at home and assiduously spread fairy-tales of wealth to be found abroad drive into the stock-yards of the Meat Trusts, has no choice whether he shall run the risk of death or not. Mutilation, overwork, disease, and tyranny are his certain fate. The revelations which Mr. Sinclair has to make concerning the men, women, and children who work in the stock-yards are more terrible even than anything he has to say of the food that the

stock-yards produce. Read his story of how Jurgis Rudkus's wife kept her place in the works, and how, after all, she died; of the house-agent and the "new" house; of the political jobbery and the methods of the police, and you will find disclosed a fouler corruption than any that dead meat can suffer. We should be surprised to hear that Mr. Sinclair is satisfied with the practical good his work has up till now accomplished. His aim was wider than food-reform. Is not man's life more than meat?

A curious contrast might be drawn between "The Jungle" (why, by the way, should Mr. Sinclair have chosen to libel the wild animals?) and Mr. Richard Whiteing's book, "Ring in the New," that was published a month or two ago. In that book Mr. Whiteing carefully abstained from "sensational" details. We saw his heroine starve, indeed, but we saw, not her pains, nor the distressing details of her poverty, so much as the strange spiritual consolation—absurd yet efficacious—which came to her solace. There is truth in both points of view, Mr. Whiteing's and Mr. Sinclair's. Misery has strange alleviations. The present writer has a friend whose fate it was to be four days without food or fire; and his account of his feelings by no means gives the impression of utter misery: he speaks rather of strange mental exaltation. But there are matters with which Mr. Whiteing's method is not brutal enough to deal; there are times when the world needs such a book as Mr. Sinclair's.

The letter from "One in Doubt" which appears in our correspondence columns this week touches on one or two interesting points. It is perfectly true that there are too many newspapers; it is also true that very many newspapers keep "Poet's Corners" and encourage the minor poet by printing, daily or weekly, as the case may be, one or more poems. Those poems are read by the few who care for poetry, and passed over by the many who do not. The few are sometimes richly rewarded for their trouble in reading large numbers of lyrics which bring no pleasure; and they consider that reward more than sufficient to justify all possible encouragement being given by editors and publishers to those who attempt to practise the highest and most difficult of the arts.

The leading literary reviews, too, with one notable exception, devote an occasional article to recent minor poetry, and their treatment of it is always rather on the side of lenience than of harshness. The one thing that all reputable critics of poetry demand is that the minor poet shall think for himself and speak for himself. Facile and watery imitations of mannered poets—Mr. Swinburne and Rossetti are the most commonly imitated—are more than the most indulgent critic can stand; and they are faults which he is far too often compelled to suffer. That all poets have drawn much of their inspiration from other poets is a commonplace: those that have been worthy have worked on that inspiration, have transformed the borrowed material and made of it something of their own. The wise critic will pardon any faults of expression, mistakes in metre, ruggedness, even feebleness in the minor poet so long as his verses show signs of work, of thought, of effort, and of sincerity. Mere idle parrot-work is what he regards as worthy of the utmost severity or the most merciless ridicule.

On the whole, minor poetry, in spite of the dicta to which our correspondent refers, receives a very fair measure of encouragement in modern England, from the Press and the publishers. Still, it could do with more. Too much, indeed, cannot be given it, lest, by some strange chance, there should be one poet lost through timidity or lack of perseverance. But such a case is unlikely. If a man has poetry in him it will out, be the

obstacles what they may. As for the bad poetry, it may be left, when once its badness is pointed out, to die. It does nothing to check the spread of good poetry. To recommend the poet to find other employment is both impertinent and foolish. So long as the unsuccessful poet does not ask to be supported at the expense of the critic, it is nothing to the latter what occupation the former may follow.

If there is a "slump" in poetry—which, having regard to the number and the quality of the books of verses that reach us, we are quite unable to believe—the fault lies not with critics or publishers' readers, but with the public, which never did and never will read poetry. If only it would! At no period of our history, save perhaps the middle years of the eighteenth century, has the leaven of poetry been more urgently needed than it is now. Book after book of very good verse is published: so far from buying or reading them, the public will not even read the very greatest of acknowledged masters. But we question whether the sale, in reality, much affects the production of poetry. The poet who looks to make a living out of his work is introducing an element into his aim which has no right to be there.

"One in Doubt" is unjust to publishers and their readers. If a publisher makes any money out of a book of minor poetry nowadays, that money probably comes out of the pocket of the poet. Poets have always had to pay for the possession of the divine gift. And yet there is no falling off in the amount of poetry published, as our shelves might show. As to the publisher's reader, so far from being a "hanger-on of literature," he sits at the centre of things and his influence is felt in all quarters. Few people realise how many of their favourite books were written on the initiative and at the suggestion of publishers' readers; few young authors realise how, for the sake of some spark of the real fire, the publisher's reader has overlooked a thousand faults in their work, and recommended the publication of some book that did not really deserve to appear.

The case of editors is even more difficult, for an editor has not only to make up his mind swiftly and amid a thousand distractions on the merit of a work; he has to consider whether it suits the character of his paper or not. Some years ago we read in a daily paper a letter from a gentleman heaping scorn on editors in general because a dozen of them had refused to print passages chosen out of a great English classic and sent in without the author's name. What was that classic? Milton's *Samson Agonistes*. Let any unprejudiced person put himself in imagination in an editorial chair and see whether he would admit to his paper detached passages of *Samson Agonistes*. The writer of the letter thought he had proved editors to be fools: he had proved himself to be—unacquainted with the requirements of a journal.

As Ibsen, Taine and Tolstoy were all born in the same year, it is interesting to see whether they have any common characteristics. Like many other young men, Taine and Ibsen began life in a mood of antagonism to existing institutions, and both of them, as years advanced, showed the same dislike of democracy. Both would probably have assented without much difficulty to the doctrine that the majority is always in the wrong. But Taine was less extreme than Ibsen, in that he admired the form of government that works for better or for worse in the British Isles, whereas Ibsen had no particular affection for any established form of rule, but thought that society could only be bettered by the improvement of the individual.

Tolstoy, though he declared Ibsen incomprehensible, had a certain resemblance to him, for both were iconoclasts and both were prophets. Tolstoy's mission has been to

destroy all prejudices, so as to pave the way for the establishment of a new order of things, which is to be brought about without the co-operation of the State, and even in opposition to the State. Like Ibsen, he is in sympathy with all who are rebels against society, as it exists at present; even upon anarchism he has cast indulgent eyes. But he has never escaped from the fatalism, which is a characteristic of the East, and his conception of equality is too often one that would be most likely to haunt the brain of a tramp. Tolstoy's remedy for the evil of the world is that man should bathe in the ocean of love as it is set forth in the Sermon on the Mount, whereas Ibsen's prescription is that he should develop and strengthen his individuality. In holding that the human race exists for the production of supermen, Ibsen is at one with Nietzsche; that is, he is an aristocrat, but his tendencies have puzzled even his countrymen, who have called him idealist, materialist, conservative and radical, socialist and anarchist.

Monday of this week was the seventy-third birthday of Viscount Wolsley, who, since his active service terminated in the military sphere, has given a good deal of his leisure to literary matters. It is now twelve years since he gave to the world an authoritative biography of the Duke of Marlborough; his "Decline and Fall of Napoleon" appeared in 1905, and "The Story of a Soldier's Life" three years ago. Lord Wolsley has always had men of letters among his most intimate friends, and of this his library furnishes interesting evidence. "To the Viscountess Wolsley—Whose books and bindings treasured are, 'Midst mingled spoils of peace and war'"—Mr. Lang dedicated his "Books and Bookmen" volume in 1886, which appeared simultaneously with an enlarged edition of Lord Wolsley's "Soldier's Pocket-Book." Mr. Lang concludes the dedication in this happy style:

In this abode of old and new,
Of war and peace, my essays, too,
For long in serials tempest-lost,
Are landed now, and are not lost:
Nay, on your shelf secure they lie,
As in the amber sleeps the fly.
'Tis true, they are not "rash nor rare";
Enough, for me, that they are—there.

In the current *Harper's*, Mr. W. D. Howells, from the "Editor's Easy Chair," replies to a correspondent who is perplexed as to "why a second-class writer cannot sell his best work, while he can dispose of his worst?" Mr. Howells does not think, with the writer, that those who write for the daily Press lose the "literary touch," nor does he believe that the magazines are degenerating into "newspaperism" in the worst sense. He is convinced that "magazines have never been so conscientiously, so ably and intelligently edited as at present. The poorest of them," asserts Mr. Howells, "has something worth reading in its verse and prose; they have developed a variety and amount of literary cleverness that would have been incredible thirty or twenty years ago."

No one would care about returning to the poor typographical appearance and the too frequently crude, ultra-conventional illustrations which characterised our periodical literature two or three decades ago; but while this is the case, such a magazine as *Good Words* so far back as the sixties, had more of the imperishable in its pages than have the majority of highly artistic English or Trans-Atlantic magazines of to-day. Many of the serial tales in *Good Words* in its great days have, when issued in book form, won enduring distinction for their writers, and the same might be said of other contributions. Many noteworthy articles, by writers of more than national fame, are still practically hidden in old volumes of this magazine—contributions by the Duke of Argyll, Dean Stanley, W. E. Gladstone, Norman Macleod, and "Matthew Browne" (W. B. Rands), by "Sadie," Mrs. Craik, Mrs. Macquoid, and Miss Florence Nightingale, by

Dr. Livingstone, Lord Kelvin, Mr. Gerald Massey, Mr. J. M. Ludlow, W. R. S. Ralston, and its original publisher, Mr. Alexander Strahan. A volume of selected contributions, in prose and verse, from the earlier volumes of this monthly is likely to be published at no distant date.

In connection with the forthcoming long promised life of William Allingham, the Irish poet who died in 1889, it may be recalled that the late Dr. Birkbeck Hill edited "D. G. Rossetti's Letters to Allingham" in 1898; that a one-volume selection of Allingham's work in prose and verse was published in 1892; and that his complete works, in six volumes, appeared at intervals during the years 1888-93. Born in Ballyshannon in Donegal in 1824, Allingham published his first volume in verse when he was twenty-six. His last volume, "Irish Songs and Poems," appeared in 1887; and "Laurence Bloomfield," the story of a young Irish landlord, regarded by its author as his best work, was issued in 1864. Allingham succeeded Froude as editor of *Fraser's Magazine* in 1874, and his prose record of walks in various districts of England, which appeared in that periodical under the title "The Rambles of Patrician Walker," was reprinted. To the early numbers of *Longman's Magazine* Allingham contributed a good many poems.

On the appearance of the one-volume selection from Allingham's work in 1862, an enterprising purveyor of literary "gossip" wrote to William Allingham, Esq., care of the publishers of the volume, asking for information on his plans for future work. The publishers' reply is worth recording: They regretted that they were unable to forward Mr. —'s letter, as they were not sure of Mr. Allingham's present address.

Mr. Crockett, while he dwelt among the Galloway hills, trod a sure literary path with a firm step, avers the anonymous writer of an article in the *Scottish Review* on "The Decline of Mr. S. R. Crockett;" but the freshness and spontaneity of his earlier years, it is immediately asserted, seem to have vanished. In "Kid M'Ghie," Mr. Crockett labours almost pathetically, this critic says, to be his old self. "The plot is forced, the writing is forced, the humour is forced." "Mr. Crockett has ransacked the Newgate Calendar," we are told, "for episodes, and the whole thing seems to be designed for the syndicates that purvey wildly sensational serials at cheap rate for the weekly newspapers. Mr. Crockett has been pot-boiling with a vengeance . . . He has evidently laboured hard, almost frantically, at his task; but he has given us little to be set by the side of his earlier and healthier work. Only one character in the whole book seems clothed with flesh and blood . . . the rest is leather and prunella of a sadly inferior quality. Let us hope," the severe indictment concludes, "that 'Kid M'Ghie' is Mr. Crockett's nadir." Yet they say that modern criticism is "mealy-mouthed"!

So many famous people have been connected with Buckingham Street, Strand, that any changes in it are of interest. It occupies a part of the site of the palace of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and when the palace was pulled down the connection of the spot with the family was kept alive by the creation of Villiers Street, Duke Street, Of Alley, and Buckingham Street. It was in Buckingham Street that Fielding lived before he became a student at the Middle Temple, and for many a long year No. 14 was the home of William Etty. The immortal Pepys also went to reside in Buckingham Street in 1684 in a house that may still be seen, though much remodelled, or perhaps, if the Hibernianism be permitted, entirely rebuilt. Opposite it is another house where Peter the Great found lodgings during his visit to London. Here he entertained the king, and here so many sightseers intruded themselves upon him, even when he was at meals, that in a fit of rage he gave orders that no one at all should be admitted. Two Quakers, however, forced their

way in, despite the prohibition, and made such an impression that next Sunday the Czar attended one of their meetings. Sixteen years later his remembrance of the Quakers was fresh and green. It is this historic residence that is doomed to disappear.

On Thursday, July 3, Messrs. Hampton and Sons will offer for sale a house at Huntingdon which stands on the site of that in which Oliver Cromwell was born on April 25, 1599. There is nothing particularly remarkable about the present house—which fronts directly on to the road on the outskirts of the town—except the magnificent Chinese wood-carving in the drawing room; but the garden, which is contemporary with and earlier than the days of the great Protector, is exceptionally beautiful. A contemporary portrait of Cromwell by Mary Beales is stated to be also for sale. Another interesting house to be offered for sale by the same firm on Tuesday, June 26, is Ware Priory, Herts, an ancient Franciscan Friary, founded temp. Edward III., and not unknown to history. Reference to the dissolution of this Friary under Henry VIII. may be found in Abbot Gasquet's book on "Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries." Much of the present building dates from the fourteenth century, and some of it from an even earlier age.

The recent appearance of a "pocket" volume of the "Decline and Fall" reminds one of John Henry Newman's criticism of Gibbon in the volume, "Essays and Lectures on University Subjects," published in 1858. Treating of style in his lecture on "Literature," Newman differentiates the artist from the mere dealer in words. The latter can paint and gild anything to order; the artist has his great or rich visions before him, and his only aim is to bring out what he thinks or feels in an appropriate and adequate way. "Gibbon was a great author working by a model which was before the eyes of his intellect, and labouring to say what he had to say in such a way as would most exactly and suitably express it." "You must not suppose," proceeds the Cardinal, himself a master of style, "I was going to recommend Gibbon's style for imitation, any more than his infidelity; but I refer to him as the example of a writer feeling the task which lay before him, feeling that he had to bring out into words for the comprehensions of his readers a great and complicated scene, and wishing that those words should be adequate to his understanding. I think he wrote the first chapter of his History three times over; it was not that he corrected or improved the first copy; but he put his first essay, and then his second, aside—he re-cast his matter, till he had hit the precise exhibition of it which he thought demanded by his subject."

The following are among forthcoming events:

Royal Geographical Society.—Evening meeting, Monday, June 11, at 8.30 P.M. At the Theatre, Burlington Gardens, W. Paper to be read: "The Geography of the Indian Ocean," by J. Stanley Gardiner, M.A. The Right Hon. Sir George T. Goldie, K.C.M.G., D.C.L., F.R.S., president, in the chair.

Royal Colonial Institute.—Meeting at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole, Whitehall Place, S.W., on Tuesday, June 12, at 8 P.M. Paper on "The Development of our British African Empire," by Lionel Decle. Dr. Alfred Hillier will preside.

The Dante Society, 38 Conduit Street, W.—Wednesday, June 13. The Rev. J. F. Hogan, D.D. on "The Companionship of Dante." Sir Theodore Martin, president, in the chair.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.—Sale of English, Continental and Oriental Porcelain, Old English Pottery, a collection of lustre ware, silver plate, bijouterie, etc. Tuesday, June 12, and two following days.—Sale of a collection of Early British, Anglo-Saxon and English Coins formed by an astronomer recently deceased. Monday, June 11 and Tuesday, June 12.—Sale of a collection of Roman coins in gold, silver and bronze formed by an astronomer recently deceased. Wednesday, June 13 to Tuesday, June 19.

The English Drama Society will give two private performances of the fourteenth-century mysteries, "The Salutation," "The Shepherds' Play," "The Kings' Play" (being Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, of the Chester Plays), on Thursday, June 14, at 3 and 8 P.M., in Hollywood Studios, Hollywood Road, South Kensington (by the courtesy of Miss Jennie Moore). Tickets of admission (reserved only, 10s. and 5s.) can be obtained from Mr. Nugent Monck, 20 Regent Street S.W., or Miss Jennie Moore, The Studio.

LITERATURE

AB URBE CONDITA

The Pageant of London. By RICHARD DAVEY. With forty illustrations in colour by JOHN FULLEYLOVE, R.I. 2 vols. (Methuen, 15s. net.)

WHEN the Preface of a book starts with the assertion of a claim to be "a series of word-pictures of the principal events that have transpired in the Metropolis," the sensitive reader is as likely as not to throw away the volumes, however handsome, without further inspection. The sensitive reader who so treats Mr. Richard Davey's book will lose many a happy and interesting moment. For Mr. Davey is much better than his opening sentence, and his two large volumes are, on the whole, very well written, and full of diverting and even enthralling matter. He does not, as Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer did in a recent volume, catch the soul of this great, horrible, delightful city of ours, and put it in black and white before you: he does not, like Mr. Wheatley, betray himself a scholar of the minutest and most accurate information; but, clearly, he has enthusiasm and originality, wide and pretty deep knowledge of his subject, and he sets that knowledge before you in an agreeable, never wearisome manner. His purpose is not to be minute, but broad: he is an impressionist, not a pre-Raphaelite; but he is not above detail. His book is a store-house of facts, yet never dusty; he gives you vivid impressions, yet never grows vague or sloppy. In a word, if the average reader wants to have a single book on London which will tell him all he wants to know, this is the book. There is more information in Sir Walter Besant's great posthumous "Survey," and the admirable illustrations in that series would make it valuable were the text merely nothing; but those splendid volumes published by Messrs. Black are not within the purses of all of us; whereas for fifteen shillings Mr. Davey will give the reader enough matter to last him and amuse him for many a winter evening.

And what a story it is he has to tell of these events that "transpired"! "London's oldest possession is London's name," and that is older than Tacitus. Who can tell for how long before he wrote that spot on the Thames had been "a place very much frequented by an abundance of merchants' ships"? But we are there in the regions of conjecture. With Roman London we are on safe ground. And yet it is odd to note that:

Beyond fragments of the Roman Wall—which must not be confounded with the mediæval wall that superseded it—and the scant remains mentioned in my text, we have literally no Roman ruin in London—a fact which seems to confirm the more modern theory that Londinium was almost entirely constructed of wood.

Nevertheless, that wooden town was the starting-point of a history which few cities save Rome herself can match for continued importance and pride. London has never been negligible or neglected.

Lancelot swam his horse across the Thames from Lambeth to Westminster, where Arthur and Guinevere held their Court, and whence the false Queen went a-maying with Lancelot prancing by her side. From the quays below the Bridge the penitent Lancelot embarked on his quest of the Holy Grail; and here, too, Iseult landed to attend the Council summoned by King Mark. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgin companions sailed from the same quays on their fatal journey to Cologne. Thus London also had its share in the great Arthurian cycle, and in the rest of the legends immortalised by the greatest dramatists, painters, poets, and musicians.

So from the age of legend we pass to the age of mediæval history, that quaint and naïve period when shows and shams were fewer than now. Imagine the scene that follows:

the admission of Prince Henry, Duke of York, and twenty-seven knights, into the Order of the Bath; a ceremony which took place at Westminster in 1499, the recipients of the honour being indeed "Knights of the Bath," for they all of them sat stark naked in hot baths to receive the kingly accolade!

As a proof that Mr. Davey's work is no mere compilation of disconnected scenes and events without thought or method, we may mention the chapters on "Norman London," in which he draws attention to the civilising influence of the Queens whom our Kings drew from France and other Latin countries. Henry II.'s wife, Eleanor of Aquitaine, was particularly effective in this respect; and her successors, the Eleanors of Provence and Castile, Philippa of Hainault, Margaret of Anjou, and others, all came from lands more civilised than our own and all introduced some form or other of art and refinement. Not that all our art was borrowed. In architecture at least the English were original, and Mr. Davey rather sorrowfully contrasts the England of to-day with the England of Plantagenet times, which "was as artistic as Greece or Japan"; a patriotic little dash of exaggeration which will strike pleasantly on the mind of any lover of the antique. It is too late, perhaps, to protest against the sale of the Newgate relics—not all of which were horrible—the threatened destruction of Sir Christopher Wren's house in Billingsgate, the ruthless piecemeal "restoration" of such lovely relics as Barton Street and Great College Street, Westminster, and Church Row, Hampstead. But, too late or not, we will enter our protest. We will even go further than any one has yet dared to do in print, and publicly bewail the loss of Clare Market, of the Portuguese Chapel (which is, we believe, to come down ere long) and the threatened embankment of Westminster. We are fully aware of all the arguments by sanitary inspectors, traffic regulators and other worthy officials. Clare Market was a rookery, and Little Queen Street a desperate nuisance to the man who wanted to get from Waterloo to Euston in a hurry. But life is not all sanitation and train-catching; and before all memory of departed things is lost, we would declare our opinion that Aldwych and Kingsway are vulgar *parvenus* who will look as ugly and ostentatious as any other Sir Gorgius Midas; and we will drop a tear over the dear, evil-smelling, old nooks and corners, the sagging red roofs, bulging, ripe-toned walls and loved memories—memories of actors, poets, and beauties dead and gone—that thronged Clare Market. There were colour, variety, surprise, association, sentiment, all the tender things that your wide, airy, commonplace, swaggering new streets will never yield.

But we have travelled some distance from Mr. Davey and his Pageants. Open his book where you will, you find that he has an interesting set of associations to display, a striking picture to draw, or a tendency, a movement, to explain. And he connects present and past in a manner which makes both live. There is a sense of continuity roused by the following passage, for instance:

The "White Hart," farther up the High Street [Southwark], was the headquarters of Jack Cade, during his brief occupancy of the city and borough in 1431. Burnt down in 1675, it was speedily rebuilt, and ultimately immortalised by Charles Dickens, who introduces the inimitable Sam Weller upon the scene of this historic hostelry. This, too, has gone the way of so many other interesting relics of past times. A very few old inns still exist in Southwark, and some twenty years ago the writer recollects putting up for the night in one of them, where he was accommodated with a noble old Gothic bedstead, bearing the date 1494, and an inscription on the tester to the effect that "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John" were to "bless the bed that I lie on!"

Mr. Davey has not a few good stories to tell. Some of them are familiar to many people, but none the worse for re-telling; and the various states of society he sets forth make the reader thankful to be born in the days of comparative peace and safety. Let those who travel safely home this evening by 'bus or train to Hampstead ponder the following, which relates to a period only a century and a half ago:

The daring acts of highway robbery between London and Hampstead at last became so frequent as to interfere with the prosperity of the Wells, and the enterprising manager advertised in the public papers that "he had engaged twelve well-known strong-men, otherwise prize-fighters, and a number of well-armed fellows, and stationed

them at intervals along the more solitary part of the road, for the better protection of the ladies and gentlemen frequenting his place of entertainment."

Such things seem to imply that there is something in "progress" after all; and what progress we have made may be gauged by the fact that "less than seventy years ago, about sixty per cent. of our entire population could neither read nor write."

Mr. Davey is not always accurate, and his style is not always pure, but his book is as good a compendium of the history of London as we know: and it may be added that in dealing with controversial matters, such as the Reformation, though his own leanings are obvious, he is never unfair. Mr. Fulleylove's drawings are pretty, and help to preserve the continuity of the story by showing what the historic places of London look like to-day.

THE LIKENESS OF MARY STUART

Portraits and Jewels of Mary Stuart. By ANDREW LANG. Seventeen full-page illustrations. (MacLehose, 8s. 6d.)

THE fascination which attaches to everything connected with Mary Stuart is naturally intensified when there is question of her *vera effigies*. Nor can we consider this wonderful. For if on her side personal charm had much to do with her romantic history we on ours are easily attracted by pictures, especially when the subject is known to be beautiful and interesting. Nature forces us to form some sort of image to correspond with the persons of whom we think, and we desire to know whether those preconceived notions are true, or, better still for us, whether we can begin with a clear visual representation of the person about whom we wish to form or reform our ideas. We approach the subject of portraiture, therefore, pleased and expectant. Most of us think that we can take in a picture at a glance, and many fondly imagine that they can read on the features of the face the secrets of the heart. But when we turn to the pictures themselves, what a disillusionment! Of the innumerable Mary Queen of Scots pictures which are found in old mansions, collected in loan exhibitions, and reproduced in prints, Mr. Andrew Lang aptly quotes Marlowe on the vision of Golden Helen:

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?

"No, no," we cry, critics and non-critics together, "this cannot be." So we turn to the learned for reassurance. Yet, even then, while we regard "the winnowed residue left by critical processes," our hearts grow weary. Most even of these seem "solemn school-girls and wasted devotees." . . . "Only three or four justify her fame for beauty and witchery," and how are we to be sure of their authenticity?

The problem, therefore, is to discriminate the authentic from the fictitious and untrustworthy. A number of capable and enthusiastic scholars have already worked at its solution. Mr. J. J. Foster's "True Portraiture of Mary Queen of Scots," and Mr. Cust's "Notes on Authentic Portraits," are both masterpieces; and, to say nothing of Dr. Williamson, M. Dimier and others, Mr. Andrew Lang has now gone over the ground again with an historical acumen greater than that of any of his predecessors in the field.

The solution which the critics offer may be here indicated, though necessarily only in the simplest terms. First, then, it is antecedently probable that the portraits painted from life should be rare. The greater part of Mary's womanhood (1567-1587) was passed in confinement: even the possession of her picture sometimes spelt danger for its owner. During her reign in Scotland (1561-1567) there was an extreme dearth of artists capable of portrait-painting. During her residence in France, indeed (1548-1561), she was living in an artistic, picture-loving country, and the best-warranted pictures which we have of her

date from this time. But she was then but a child, and is represented as such.

The last and most celebrated of these French portraits is by François Clouet. It shows her as a girl-widow of eighteen, in white mourning, and is therefore called *Le deuil blanc*. We have of this both the crayon sketch at Paris, and the finished picture at Windsor. Of these Mr. Foster's reproductions in colours should also be studied. Photo-prints do them no justice, a point which Mr. Lang should have mentioned. Even though the widow's cap and weeds cut off much of her face and hide the contour, this remains the most authoritative of her portraits, that on which our first ideas ought to be formed.

Then it may be well to pass at once to the monumental effigy at Westminster. Though it was not carved till twenty years after the Queen's death, we may be pretty sure that it gives the features with fidelity, and in effect it corresponds fairly well with Clouet's picture of fifty years before. The features are thus described by Mr. Lang: "Dark narrow eyes, a long, rather low nose, long face, high brow, and pretty oval lower part of the face."

Having thus established the first and last terms of the series, we shall be able to fill in the intermediate pictures with less difficulty, and can see at once why whole classes of pictures, as for instance those of "the Hamilton type," are rejected by the critics.

Mr. Lang's identifications will, I think, be all eventually accepted. The most debated has been the portrait belonging to the Earl of Leven and Melville. Our author displays an infinity of erudition to show that the jewels in this picture are to be identified with those which Mary is known to have possessed. The argument is a novel and a strong one. Still, there are objections which Mr. Lang frankly acknowledges, and we must not be too sure of the conclusion yet.

Very interesting is the little-known miniature of the Duke of Portland, "the lady in a symphony of cream and milk," white being a colour specially affected by the Queen. Mr. Lang has made identification all the more certain by pointing out that the motto *Virtutis Amore* is an anagram of the name "Marie Stuart," but he does not notice that the white lady is lying propped up in bed. This makes it very probable that her sickness of 1566 is represented, the motto referring to Mary's "godlie and vertuous sayings," during her illness, which were a good deal talked about afterwards.

An important identification again is that of H. Oudry, who painted Mary in 1577, when she was in captivity. Mr. Lang finds that he was or had been the queen's embroiderer, which accounts for his want of skill. There is a true saying that amateur portraits are always more or less caricatures. Mr. Lang is perhaps unnecessarily severe on Oudry's want of skill, which is, after all, easily understood. Lady Milford's miniature should not be passed unnoticed: it is probably the last picture painted of the queen during her life.

In his "Conclusion" Mr. Lang claims to have established for some thirteen pictures "complete proof" that they are "contemporary and authentic, or at least are related closely to others which did possess those qualities," and some of these thirteen come down to us in a considerable number of early copies. Considering the gloomy prospects under which our researches began, such a conclusion may be considered highly satisfactory.

J. H. POLLEN, S.J.

UNSIGNED CRITICISM

Longinus on the Sublime. Translated by A. O. PRICKARD, M.A. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d. net.)

ANONYMOUS genius will for some minds always have an irresistible fascination. Even where an author's name is not forgotten, if the story of his life has perished, there will not be wanting some ready romancer to image it

forth for the satisfaction of the curious. And, paradoxically enough, in at least one instance a writer, of whose life some particulars were demonstrable, has been thereupon transformed by some abracadabra of cryptograms into the shadow of another, so that the charm of anonymity may invest his writings.

The book of which Oxford has now given us a translation for the general reader, as Professor Rhys Roberts a little while back gave us a scholar's edition, has had a history that should interest all lovers of problems and mysteries. For any influence it noticeably exercised on subsequent literary criticisms or for any unmistakable references to its doctrines, it might never have been in existence till Robortello published it 1554. Yet since that date there is scarcely a single important critic of literature who does not betray, directly or indirectly, an acquaintance with "Longinus 'On the Sublime.'" The Cambridge editor has collected a list of over sixty translations and editions, and even this is incomplete; for, as we write, there lies before us an anonymous English translation of 1751 with the book-plate of Alexander Brown, Glasgow.

How comes it that a work so generally recognised to be of classic genius was lost to the world till the sixteenth century? Of the eleven manuscripts which give us the text, all but one are no older than the fifteenth century, and that one manuscript, now preserved in Paris, is probably the tenth-century parent of the rest. The early editors from some of the late manuscripts attributed the book to one "Dionysius Longinus," and in our old translation—as in all other books on the subject till recently—this is taken to be the politician and philosopher who acted as adviser to Queen Zenobia, and who, having encouraged her to defy the Emperor Aurelian, was executed by the conqueror. The description of the book in the index to the Paris manuscript as "of Dionysius or Longinus," and in the Codex Laurentianus at Florence as "of an anonymous writer," were considerable reasons for discrediting this view. And now examination of the vocabulary, and of the authors quoted, has shown that the work is in all probability of the first century and by a resident at Alexandria. Again we are led to speculate on the fortunes of the book—buried in obscurity for nine or rather fourteen centuries, as absolutely as any of the works at last recovered from the dustbins of Oxyrhynchus.

But it is not the romantic adventures of the text which alone constitute the interest of the work. In discussing the necessity for high and noble thoughts as the natural material of sublimity, our author writes:

Thus too the law-giver of the Jews, no common man, when he had duly conceived the power of the Deity, showed it forth as duly. At the very beginning of his Laws, "God said," he writes—What? "Let there be light, and there was light, let there be earth, and there was earth."

We can almost fancy that he went to school with—let us say, Apollos, the "Jew of Alexandria." But he was no Jew himself: for he contrasts "our" Demosthenes with Cicero—Mr. Prickard's version, "our defeat" (said of Chaeronea), which an unwary reader might be inclined to quote also, is unfortunately inexact.

Was it contact with the sublimity of the Old Testament that made our critic alive to the difference between the Sublime and the Distinguished in Style? For, however embryonic it may be, the idea of the Sublime as a separable and definite quality in style appears here first in criticism. Coleridge, indeed, in his ample but loose way declared that he never could discover anything sublime "in our sense of the term," in the Classical Greek Literature—and this though he won a medal for a Greek Ode. "Sublimity," said he, "is Hebrew by birth." But it is hard to understand in what sense such general statements can be taken without qualification. Most readers of Æschylus would acknowledge that they have been "awed" by the sublimity of that poet in some passage or other. And, if we concede that the sublime is there, we are driven to suppose that the modicum of truth in Coleridge's statement is that the contact with the patent

and easily recognisable Sublimity of Isaiah or Moses disengaged the latent distinction in the Greek mind, so that, at last, what was before confused with other forms of elevation was dimly, if not clearly, differentiated.

Mr. Prickard thinks that a true Greek, if brought in sight of the Victoria Falls, would have wondered, not with "the wonder which hears a voice warning him that the ground is holy" but with "the wonder of curiosity as to its hidden origin and mysterious periods of fullness," "the wonder which says 'I want to know!'" And he thinks analogously that it is hardly like a true Greek that his author tests intellectual greatness, or rather sublimity, by the awe which it inspires. Was the true Greek, then, we are constrained to ask, a sort of "inspired idiot" who achieved the sublime by accident, and could not explain his success till he had met the Hebrew? Or is it not more in harmony with what we know to be the normal development and course in all human activity, to suppose that the Greek, if more seldom than the Hebrew yet as unmistakably, spoke and wrote sublimely by unreasoned instinct, and afterwards in the maturity of his race learnt a self-conscious art of the Sublime? But the eternal problem still confronts us of explaining why, as soon as art can interpret itself and endures self-criticism, it loses its initiative and creative originality. This is not the place to raise this question: we may content ourselves with observing that the apparent insensibility of the Greek to sublimity is explicable, as has been just now hinted, without supposing that Greeks universally were of the pattern exhibited by Mark Twain's Yankees.

Professor Rhys Roberts wanted to reduce his author's sense of the Sublime, as a definite quality of style distinguishable from others, to an inappreciable variation of expression. He would have *elevation, dignity, grandeur, eloquence* to bear the same sense. Mr. Prickard seems to be on safer ground when he follows the old tradition. It is true that the writer speaks of diction, and composition, i.e., arrangement of words, and figures both of thought and of language as important instruments for sublime expression, but to deduce from this what Professor Roberts deduces is to ignore some very direct remarks of the author. Sublimity, he says in Mr. Prickard's translation

is always an eminence and language . . . it is not to persuasion but to ecstasy that passages of extraordinary genius carry the hearer . . . the marvellous, with its power to amaze, is always and necessarily stronger than that which seeks to persuade and to please. . . . Sublimity, we know, brought out at the happy moment, parts all the matter this way and that, and like a lightning flash, reveals, at a stroke and in its entirety, the power of the orator.

And in a later passage he expressly says:

I am not satisfied with the definition given by the technical writers. Amplification is, they say, language which invests the subject with greatness. Of course this definition may serve in common for sublimity, and passion, and tropes, since they, too, invest the language with greatness of a particular kind. To me it seems that they differ from one another in this, that Sublimity lies in intensity, Amplification also in multitude.

He goes on to declare that the strength of Demosthenes, who appeals to passions and "has a large element of fire and of spirit aglow," is in sheer height of sublimity, while that of Cicero is in its diffusion. An Englishman will hardly read the admiring criticisms of Demosthenes without thinking of another orator who breathed as high and intense a patriotism as the Athenian and with his last words in the House of Lords showed as indomitable a spirit as that which bore the defeat at Chaeronea. And this brings us to one of the most valuable qualities in our author.

He is not afraid to count as the first element in sublimity "the faculty of grasping great conceptions," and

even if it be a gift rather than a thing acquired, yet so far as is possible we must nurture our souls to all that is great, and make them, as it were, teem with noble endowment. . . . Sublimity is the note which rings from a great mind,

or, as the old translator turns it: "the Sublime is an Image reflected from the inward greatness of the Soul."

All who would wish to have criticism attuned to respond to the highest tones of literature will welcome the revival of interest in this "golden" treatise, and Mr. Prickard's translation—easy, modern in tone, generally accurate—possesses an indefeasible title to the consideration and esteem of all interested in literature.

STROLLING PROFESSORS

Rambles in Brittany. By FRANCIS MILTOUN. Illustrated by BLANCHE McMANUS. (Duckworth, 6s. net.)
Esto Perpetua. Algerian studies and impressions. By H. BELLOC. (Duckworth, 5s. net.)

THE work of two earnest men, each anxious to instruct the public in his own learning, lies stored up in the volumes to which the authors have given these alluring titles. Mr. Miltoun's method is to cram as many facts as possible, no matter how miscellaneous and ill-assorted, into the minds of his pupils. He takes in order every township and village which he has managed to discover in Brittany, and sets forth all the information that he has been able to collect from maps, guide-books and inscriptions studied on his hurried journey. His book is scrappy and inconsequent, a confused sequence of facts, set down with no idea of arrangement, but apparently in the exact order in which they were acquired. It is thus a typical guide-book, not full or scientific enough to be of use to one trying to collect statistics, and written in so dry and schemeless a fashion that it cannot possibly interest the stay-at-home reader, who might hope to gain from it some general impression of the country of which it treats. The author will tell you that one part of Brittany is more fertile than another, that one town has more population than another, that this church is older than that, and that the catch is not equally large in every coast town where the sardine fishery is carried on. In his passion for imparting information he will even inform you that: "The French do not use the meridian of Greenwich"; nay, he will teach you English, and point out for your benefit that by *good cheer* "is really meant *good fare*." But here he stops. He speaks constantly of the "manners and customs" of various places, yet relates little that cannot easily be met with in almost any province of France. Though he obviously knows well what he calls "the lay of the land," and is as familiar with the roads and lanes as can be expected of one who views everything from a fast-travelling automobile, yet he seems to have gathered singularly few impressions by the way. He does not appear to have been struck, except very superficially, by any piece of scenery, to have met with any incident worth recording or to have encountered any human beings of interest. At any rate, he does not enable his readers to see anything which he saw or to participate in any sensation which he may have had. One or two things, it must be confessed, have been seen by Mr. Miltoun in a way quite his own, and are consequently recorded in an original and unexpected manner. For instance, at Pont Aven he saw girls with black skirts "plaited like an accordion." At Pornic he saw "the port, the bay, and the canal which empties into the salt waters of the Atlantic," and they seemed to him to form "a delightful setting for artists' foregrounds, be the backgrounds what they may." He gives us also a delightful glimpse into the "manners and customs" of the boats on the Loire below Nantes: "they are known," says he, "as lighters, barges and tenders, and go down with the river current and return on the incoming ebb." Notwithstanding an occasional surprise of this kind, the style of the book is monotonous in the extreme. A place is either "important" or else it "should be included in the itinerary"; interesting buildings are all either "literary shrines" or "ecclesiastical monuments," and so forth. If, without giving himself any extra labour, the author had neglected a few pieces of historical

or statistical information, and had spent the time thus saved in correcting his book, he might have altered such questionable phrases as "the change became permanent," "the town itself numbers three thousand inhabitants, but it does not look it," "the condition of the inhabitants of Pontiny does not differ from most folk elsewhere"; he might have avoided such unnatural matings of language as "La Pompe, or the Fontaine" and "La gare de Cornbourg is not Combourg"; and he might have thought twice before asserting that any Frenchmen are in the habit of saying: "La mer est si grand et nos bateaux si petits."

Mr. Belloc, alas! has changed sadly since he wrote "The Path to Rome." He has joined the ranks of the Professors. His book is, of course, well written, and it is a relief to turn to "Esto Perpetua," the very title of which has an air of decent calm and rest, much needed by one who has just alighted, dusty and shaken, from Mr. Miltoun's scholastic motor-trip. Nor is his manner that of Mr. Miltoun. He does not bully us with exact information; he is like one of those lecturers or divines, to whom most of us have listened at some time, who, by their air of finality and easy flow of ornate speech, come near to persuading their hearers that their point of view is the only tenable point of view, and that what they know not is not knowledge. He who listens to Mr. Belloc hears expounded the only reasonable explanation of the past history of Algeria, the precise limits to which modern European policy can and ought to go in that country, and what her future must infallibly be. Many of his theories it is not our business to discuss here. Few people, probably, will worry themselves much about them. His points were worth making and he makes them well. It is true that once or twice he is apparently so carried away by his theme that he makes statements which it would be difficult to substantiate. Does he seriously think, for instance, that the Berbers harassed the Carthaginians because they felt "a vague sense of cousinship with the Italians"? And had he utterly forgotten—to take one period alone—our Elizabethan age, when in his general eulogy of the first four centuries A.D. he wrote the following sentence?

It is true that plastic art, and to a less extent letters, failed: for these fringes of life whose perfection depends upon detail demand for their occasional flowering small and happy states full of fixed dogmas and of certain usages.

But it is not because we may disagree with Mr. Belloc's doctrine that we quarrel with him. We do so on the ground that he has written a treatise instead of a delightful book of impressions and anecdotes—especially as in the last sixty pages of the book he shows us what he might have done in this way. These pages will be read with pleasure by those who knew him of old, as he tells of his walk by night along a lonely road, his conversation with casually met persons, his wandering in an abandoned town and his first sight of the desert. Of course, Mr. Belloc knows quite well that neither those who like his impressionism nor those who devoutly accept his teaching will care for the conventional sketch which he has placed as a frontispiece to his book. This depicts a large and self-advertising blue mountain with certain meaningless blood-coloured and saffron stains behind it, and, in the foreground, a poor palm, whose nearest and furthest leaves show an identical shade of bright green. He has put it there as a gibe at the public. He expects the Many-Headed Beast to laugh with him when he laughs at it, and to become reverent as soon as he grows serious. Can it be that he is just the slightest bit too sure of his position?

ROMANESQUE ART

Histoire de l'Art depuis les premiers temps chrétiens jusqu'à nos jours. Tome I., seconde partie. Paris: Armand Colin.

In this volume we have the second instalment of one of those comprehensive treatises due to the collaboration

of a number of specialists which are fashionable at the present time. The supply of such books is created by the demand of an intelligent public which refuses to be satisfied with less than the best expert opinion presented in a palatable form. The present volume is the work of a group of *connoisseurs* whose headquarters are in the galleries of the Louvre, and all of them have already, by the scientific method of their investigations and the lucidity of their exposition, established their claim to speak with authority on the subjects which they profess. When we find Romanesque architecture treated by M. Enlart, illustrated manuscripts by M. Hasekff, and ivories by M. Emile Molinier, we know that each of these branches will be handled with authority. M. Michel, the general editor, concludes the volume with a suggestive chapter on the broader aspects of the history of art and also contributes a valuable study of Romanesque sculpture in France, which we welcome as the first comprehensive treatment of this subject. This is supplemented by a section on Romanesque sculpture in Italy, the preparation of which has naturally been entrusted to M. Emile Bertaux, well known to students of mediæval art in Italy by his recent volume in the "Bibliothèque des écoles françaises d'Athènes et de Rome," a remarkable monument of patient research and critical insight.

The value of such a work of reference as we have before us is dependent not merely upon the authority of its text, but also on the number, choice and adequacy of its illustrations. The cheapening of photographic processes has made it possible for the publisher to do far more for the reader than could be attempted even a few years ago. We may mention in this connection M. Salomon Reinach's "Apollo," which with its six hundred illustrations, unpretending as they are, furnishes an index to the whole history of art, and Professor Venturi's "Storia dell' Arte Italiana," a work which, though slipshod and inaccurate in substance, yet derives a value from its wealth of illustration. Now, the present work is in this respect uneven and somewhat disappointing, and the reason is evidently to be sought in the desire of the publisher for economy. The architectural sections are, it is true, freely illustrated from photographs supplied by M. Enlart, who has travelled widely and made good use of his camera. We are thus introduced to a number of unfamiliar examples of the art, for which we are duly grateful to M. Enlart: nevertheless, his negatives do not always rise above a moderate amateur standard—as, for instance, in the case of the remarkable lantern of Zamora Cathedral—and the undersized process-blocks which have been made from them are often of decidedly poor workmanship. M. Michel's chapter on sculpture, which is copiously illustrated from the series of excellent photographs issued by the *Commission des monuments historiques*, is thus rendered more attractive and also more instructive. Again, a liberal provision of ground-plans is essential to the understanding of architecture; but the publishers of this book have contented themselves with a meagre selection of line-blocks after Dehio and Bezold, supplemented by a few plans of French churches.

We are not surprised to find that a French publication should devote a large proportion of illustrations to French examples. At the same time, England seems to be treated in a somewhat niggardly spirit. Norman ecclesiastical architecture in this country is represented only by eight small blocks—two doorways, two towers, details of Durham, Romsey and Fountains and a general view of Southwell; while in military architecture we find only a poor illustration of Norwich keep. And this paucity of illustrations corresponds with the meagre and perfunctory treatment meted out to English architecture by M. Enlart. He allows, it is true, that England possesses a greater number of Romanesque cathedrals than France and that they are of greater importance than the French examples (p. 519); but the statement is followed by a bare list with dates, and the whole section is disjointed and is not free from misspellings (Rothbury, Mardstone, Eresham, etc.)

and other mistakes, e.g., Fig. 252 is described as "Romsey Abbey (Yorkshire)" (*sic*). On the other hand, M. Enlart has given us not only a full and accurate account of the various schools of Romanesque architecture in France, but a valuable section (amongst others) on the interesting Scandinavian churches in wood or brick, the forms of which are derived from Carolingian models and are connected through these with the Byzantine tradition. In the controversy as to the part played by Italy in the elaboration of Romanesque principles he takes, as we should expect, the side adverse to assigning an early date to the great churches of Lombardy; as to the relations of Italy with France his position is not quite so clear, for on p. 540 he speaks of the "undeniable influence" exerted by Italy on South France (and even perhaps on Normandy); but the tendency of the chapter is to emphasise the receptivity of Italian artists. The truth is that the problems here raised have not yet found their solution; the like questions arise in the domain of sculpture, where M. Bertaux frankly admits that the early date of such monuments as the capitals of Sant'Orso at Aosta and the bas-reliefs of Vezzolano, which belong to the twelfth century, yet present features of unmistakable similarity with French sculptures of later date, creates a serious difficulty. Nevertheless, he holds firmly to the doctrine of French influence. We venture to think that in dealing with the art of the early Middle Ages it will be found better to disregard the barrier of the Alps, and to treat France and Northern Italy as a single artistic province. Even M. André Michel, in his extremely interesting chapter on French sculpture, treats the question with less confidence than M. Bertaux. The latter describes Benedetto Antelami as "an artist who was acquainted with French art, both Southern and Northern," and suggests that he may have served an apprenticeship to French masters at Chartres and at Arles. M. Michel, on the other hand, in demonstrating the eclectic character of Provençal sculpture (as against Vöge), is prepared to admit "Lombard importation" (and especially an acquaintance with Antelami's work) as a factor in the movement which produced as its masterpieces St. Gilles and St. Trophime at Arles. We are glad to find that these divergences of view have not been obliterated by the editorial steam-roller; it is for the reader's advantage that the unsolved problems which lend a fascination to the historical criticism of art should not be slurred over.

Space forbids us to enter into detail as to the other chapters of this volume. We would only note that M. Maurice Prou, in a very brief survey of numismatic history, does ample justice to the artistic merit of Offa's coinage, but does not include a single specimen amongst his illustrations, and that the editor's closing chapter proves him an apt pupil of Lucien Courajod, to whose teaching the historian of mediæval art owes an incalculable debt. We may add that the value of the book is greatly enhanced by the admirable bibliography which concludes each chapter.

H. STUART JONES.

FONTENOY

Fontenoy and Great Britain's Share in the War of the Austrian Succession, 1741-48. By F. H. SKRINE. (Blackwood, 21s. net.)

THE hero of Fontenoy was Maurice de Saxe, and the chief interest of the campaign centres round that fine soldier, of whom it was said by Frederick that he might be "the professor of all the generals in Europe." Without Saxe the battle would have been an uninteresting affair: with him it only forms a link in a chain of events. Mr. Skrine's book deserves attention, because he has shown the place occupied by Fontenoy in that chain, and especially its connection with the Scottish rising of 1745. It was, indeed, difficult for the writer to know what could be excluded from a book to which he had given so ambitious

a title. Starting with Dettingen and ending with the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle sounds simple enough; but it involves excursions to India as well as to Scotland, and also necessitates a survey of Great Britain and France in 1740. For a civilian to attempt so great an undertaking was a particularly bold thing, but, after all, some of the best military history of the present day has been written by laymen, so that Mr. Skrine had many precedents. When he confines himself to biographical facts, about Saxe, Ligonier, or Wade, he is at his best: his account of military operations is not so good, though by no means unattractive, and one of his most interesting chapters is that on "The Armies and their Leaders." This subject is one that has to be mastered if the operations are to be understood; but it is difficult, and the average reader's knowledge of it may be expressed by Kipling's verse:

The men that fought at Minden, they was armed with musketoons,
Also, they was drilled by 'alberdiers;
I don't know what they were, but the sergeants took good care
They washed be'ind their ears.

Mr. Skrine's explanations are attractive but not always accurate. His statement about the origin of the Buffs is not only wrong, but gives the idea that he has not delved very deep into the history of the army, an impression which is certainly confirmed by the inadequate bibliography printed at the end of the volume, and it would be easy to quote many instances of carelessness in the book, which suggest that it has been written in haste. For instance he says (p. 104): "François, Duc d'Harcourt (1679-1750). Fought at Ramillies at seventeen." This statement shows either that Mr. Skrine does not know the date of Ramillies or else that he is very careless. And what does he mean by *rationale*, a word of which he is very fond? He seems to use it as the equivalent of objective, of object, and of function, in different passages. "The *rationale* of fusiliers was to guard artillery," he writes, "and for this purpose they carried a *chevaux de frise*," etc. Surely here the word function would have served his purpose, and he might have improved his grammar by writing "a *cheval-de-frise*," which is a perfectly legitimate expression.

The object of the book, however, is obviously to stir up the English people of the present day to the performance of their duty as citizens. A sermon disguised as history, with Saxe's *rêveries* as text and a sort of prefatory bidding prayer by Lord Roberts is what the book amounts to, and no doubt, it is a very worthy idea. Lord Roberts proclaims the book to be

a trumpet-call to Englishmen who do not seem to understand that alliances and *ententes*, though excellent in their way, are of little practical value unless we have an army powerful enough to protect ourselves, and be of use to those with whom we are allied.

Fiction "with a purpose" has rather gone out of fashion, and history with a purpose takes its place. The preacher, Mr. Skrine, makes the most of his text. He states, without citing his authority, that we have deteriorated physically; affirms that "there is no surer indication of deteriorating national fibre than a tendency to rely on others rather than on our own strong arm"; and is even moved, in a footnote about the Arquebusiers de Grassin (a regiment formed from bootblacks and vagabonds in Paris) to say "what magnificent raw material is now rotting in our London streets"! This view of the study of history is by no means new, but it is seldom that the moral is emphasised with such zeal as Mr. Skrine has shown. If his historical knowledge were equal to his patriotism, the book would be remarkable. Colonel Lonsdale Hale's study of the People's War in France is the only military history, published in recent years, which effectively combines the teaching of its subject with the enforcement of a moral: but Col. Hale gave thirty-five years of study to his subject—the Franco-German War—before he published his masterpiece.

WALT WHITMAN'S STYLE

Days with Walt Whitman. With some Notes on his Life and Work. By EDWARD CARPENTER. (Allen, 5s. net.)

MR. CARPENTER is, perhaps, the only living writer who can claim to have handled rhythm in the same spirit as did Whitman with any considerable success. And this gives peculiar interest to his study of the American poet's style, a subject which after half a century is still under discussion. To the debate Mr. Carpenter contributes less by formal criticism than by a re-statement of Whitman's doctrine with the insight of a fellow craftsman.

He admits sundry failures in "Leaves of Grass," due now to a lapse in humour, now to some affectation or mannerism, or again to the obtrusion of the writer's set purpose: but he contends, and rightly as we think, that such faults and eccentricities did not arise from lack of literary ability. This is now generally admitted. After all deductions, Whitman is recognised as a master of phrase and of rhythm. The interest centres now in definition. Granted he is a master—then in what field?

While leaving it still somewhat indefinite, Mr. Carpenter helps us toward an answer. Following along the lines already laid down in those suggestive studies of Expression which he gathered together a few years ago under the title of "Angels' Wings," he points out, Platonically, that perfect form must always be decided by the nature of the thing to be expressed. Any change, whether of a word or of a cadence, will alter the essential meaning suggested. If this be admitted (as, indeed, it must be), our question will be seen to turn upon the subjects of Whitman's work. Whether he failed in this poem or in that, can only be decided in so far as we can show whether or no he failed in the expression of his idea.

Criticism is rendered the more difficult by the character of the ideas which he attempted to express; or, indeed, we may say, of his idea, for he apparently simplifies the task of his critics by declaring the unity of his work, the single theme of "Leaves of Grass." But that theme is extremely complex, and the unity is always emotional rather than intellectual. It is, as it were, a "personality," and, even so, a complex and evasive one. Thus the breadth and flexibility of the rhythm—the long forward-flowing recitatives—correspond, so Mr. Carpenter asserts, to "an extraordinarily vast and inclusive" mood or personality.

The suggestion seems to be that Whitman's mastery lies especially in the region of mystical emotions so large in their suggestion that criticism finds itself without a satisfactory standard by which to measure them. At first sight this looks uncommonly like an escape from the issue. But Mr. Carpenter does not wish to escape. He appeals to such readers as have responded to the peculiar stimulus of "Leaves of Grass," asking whether they have found such a meaning expressed therein. It is only necessary to recall such words as those of the late J. A. Symonds in order to acknowledge the justice of this position:

these phrases are redolent of the very spirit of the emotions they suggest, communicate the breadth and largeness of the natural things they indicate, embody the essence of realities in living words, which palpitate and burn for ever.

When discussing the special character of the rhythms Mr. Carpenter says:

here underneath, all the time, one feels a subtle impalpable metre pulsing. Some one possibly may be able to disentangle and define that metre: but I confess that I can't—simply because, each time I read, the meaning holds and fills my mind too full.

We have not left ourselves space to discuss Mr. Carpenter's exposition of that "meaning." It is given partly in two personal studies made in America during the years 1877 and 1884, and partly in the chapter on "Whitman as Prophet." To this latter there is appended an interesting comparison of passages taken from Whitman and the Upanishads. The chapter on "Whitman's Children" is of real biographical value.

TEARS

SOMETIMES when I was near you
The tears would fill my eyes—
To see and feel and hear you
Linked pain to ecstasies.

Now you are gone the stress is
That I must play my part,
And smile while no one guesses
The tears that fill my heart.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

SUMPTUARY

Inter silvas academi querere verum.—HORACE.

THE modesty with which Professor Finckel-Smyth, in the preface to the first of the five great volumes before us ("Dress and Manners of the Twentieth Century") speaks of "the industry and research that are necessary in writing on so wide a subject" is characteristic of this profound and brilliant scholar; but we ourselves must not, in praising his diligence, fail in recognition of the magic and genius whereby he has invested his somewhat musty subject with warmth and colour and life. There were many difficulties in the way. We must remember that the Deliverance (Authors) Act of a century ago (which Professor Finckel-Smyth justly calls "The Magna Charta of English Letters"), in proscribing all authorship save that practised by Imperial Patent (and compassing thus the downfall of the Newspaper Nabobs), included the destruction by fire of the whole of the existing printed matter with the exception only of that selected to repose in the Imperial Museum; and of this remnant also the greater part perished in the memorable disaster of forty years ago. Zeal such as that of the Professor, therefore, in the face of such privation, is beyond praise; and for a literary romance to parallel the finding by Professor Finckel-Smyth of the documents in the ruins of the tunnel under the Thames, we have to go back to the discoveries of Grueber and Tischendorf.

It is not possible to do more than select for comment a few of the multitudinous articles of apparel, the names and functions of which the Professor has so indefatigably investigated. We confess to some surprise (since we had imagined ourselves to be not altogether ignorant of the subject) in learning that the expression commonly used to denote a set or suit of clothes, the *shell*, is to be taken literally; we had identified this exceedingly simple attire with a much earlier century, and had, indeed, not considered it to have been at any time indigenous to these islands. It is interesting also to learn that the term *bags* was, in effect, synonymous with *trousseau*; but that, after all, leaves us little wiser as to the precise cut of this garment or garments, and we hesitate to follow the learned author in two of his conjectures: namely, that the odd phrase, "*cut saucy over the kicksies*" is derivable from the provincial French "*qué qu' c' est*" (or as we should say, "what d'ye call 'ems"), and that the term *bell-bottomed* meant that the hem of the *bag* or *bags* was actually adorned with silver bells (*cf. cap. II9, pearlies*).

These, however, are moot points, and the broadsheets of the period, which in a perfect state would still leave room for ambiguity, lie under glass, too frail even for the reverent handling of Professor Finckel-Smyth. A more serious matter, as it seems to us, is that of the now historical word *clobber*; and though we have little desire to revive the fierce controversy that raged about this article of dress a quarter of a century ago (in which, if we remember rightly, Professor Finckel-Smyth himself played a distinguished part), yet it seems to us that in receding from his original position, namely, that the *clobber* was a specific garment and not a contesseration or suit, he is

traversing the facts as they are known to us. In the songs of the mimes of the period in question references to *bond-street clobber* are, happily, not rare; and we believe it was the Professor himself who first pointed out that the barbarous phrase "*bond-street*" meant no more than *bond-strict* or *strait*, thus showing that the *clobber* was so designed as to confine the arms to the sides after the manner of the strait-waistcoat. Again, we know not how the Professor reconciles the fact that the *clobber* was frequently *spouted* (or, as we should say, *piped*) with the opinion of any practical tailor or *modiste* that a system of piping-cord throughout a whole series of garments would be highly inimical (to go no further) to the posture of sitting down; and to the many cryptic references to *clobber on tick* that are extant the Professor does not even refer. We fear that in this particular he has not succeeded in establishing his point; and consequently his corollary of buttonholes—that a lilac or pink buttonhole denoted the colour, while one of cornflower indicated the material of which the hole itself was made—falls to the ground also.

But even in this we are perhaps over-meticulous, and this admirable work is throughout abundantly suggestive. Where much is debatable, it is satisfactory to know once for all that the *starver* was a short jacket, that the curiously-named *top-step* was a wrap, a *sautoir*, or something to slip on, and that the *pyjama* was the identical Persian garment of which King Lear said: "Let it be changed." Undoubtedly the chief service of these volumes will be to the student of history. As straws show which way the wind blows, we are here enabled to follow, step by step, the growth of the effeminacy and luxury that even then prognosticated the downfall of a *régime*. That for the charge of a single brooch or fixing (we refer to the *stud*) a special officer of the wardrobe, called the *stud-groom*, should be appointed—that foppishness should go so far that a *knuckle-duster* was frequently carried in the pocket—and finally, that even in the Courts of Justice corruption should have had such a hold that to *tip the cady* or *cadi* was no infrequent practice—these things need no comment. Of scarcely less interest to the serious student is the influence of the military on articles of fashion, *i.e.*, Wellington and Blucher boots and a lady's bonnet Sir Garnet; but on the whole, we are of opinion that Professor Finckel-Smyth has been well advised to give the story of the notorious General Combie in an appendix and to shelter himself in the Latin tongue.

We trust we have said enough to show how indispensable is this monumental work. Ourselves, we like to picture this grand old man of scholarship, peering through the glass at the musty relics one touch would dissipate and weaving therefrom the magic tapestry in which men and women move and pass with the hue and motion of life; and there rises involuntarily in our minds a provision of another figure—of a Professor yet unborn, who, centuries hence, shall pore thus over *our* relics and by the spell of his learning kindle them also into truth. The volumes are admirably illustrated, and the plate of the man with the antique red *bedsox* on his hands is a triumph of the printer's art.

G. F.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

SCIENCE IN FICTION

THE other night I happened to meet at my club a famous man of science who has also a fine taste in literature, and our conversation turned upon the subject of these gossiping remarks. My friend held an opinion which, to tell the truth, I had some difficulty at first in grasping. He said that the truly scientific novel had yet to be written. My mind naturally turned back to a great number of novels in which it seemed to a mere literary man with a colossal ignorance of science that their

artistic value had been spoiled by the introduction of his element. The novels of George Eliot owed no improvement to the influence of Herbert Spencer, and it appeared to me that the novelist, in using the Christian religion just as though it had faded back into the condition of a myth similar to those of Greece, was carrying the scientific spirit too far. And, as fiction and poetry are arts closely allied, I wondered whether it was the desire of my friend that the results of research should be mastered and poured forth as they were in "In Memoriam." But in both cases, apparently, I had gone on a false scent. The man of science was large and liberal in his ideas. He did not think that it was the business of a man of letters to acquire such knowledge, for instance, as is necessary in pathology. He did not even ask him to understand evolution. It was necessary for him to have followed the growth of myth and legend in the same manner as the gradual development of the human being from protoplasm can be followed. He did not even need to understand that all those institutions which belong to our civilisation have grown up in answer to the wants of man: in other words, that the Ten Commandments were not thundered forth in tones of authority from Mount Sinai, but were gradually evolved out of the experience of men who appreciated the greater comfort of living in societies. What my friend wanted was not a comprehension of those doctrines but the appearance of a writer who had been imbued with the scientific spirit. Even this is not a full statement of his position, because there are men whose theory of the universe is based exclusively on materialistic explanations and who look forward to no immortality, just as they believe in no divine Creator, not even the "sorting demon of Maxwell." All this a man may have, and yet lack the one thing needful. In the novel which my friend imagined there would no longer be any warfare of creeds; that is where the scientific writer of to-day falls short. He is almost invariably eager for controversy. Until now, he has been so ardently engaged in the destruction of other men's beliefs that he has had no energy to spare for the work of creation. "Under which Lord?" may be taken as the type of such scientific novels as we possess. That is to say, the scientific writer is always in danger of perpetrating a tract. He delights above all else in aggression, or, as he would call it, the destruction of superstitions; but in the future, always provided that my friend's hypothesis is a sound one, these controversies will be dead. In some cases, I fancy, they are so already. I was thinking at the time of another acquaintance of mine, a man now so elderly that soon he will be called old. He was brought up at the feet of his father, one of the early pioneers of science in this country. No religious influence was at any time allowed to come near him, and, although it is possible that he may number a few clergymen among his acquaintance, the subject of their belief is always taboo. He told me not long ago that never on any occasion that he remembers did he enter a church, and what goes on within the sacred walls is a mystery to him; though gifted with a singularly alert and comprehensive mind, he has no curiosity whatever about religion and regards it as something that has passed away out of all reality. He is not even like the wine-stained young man in the poem that Thackeray credited to Penderennis, whom he likened to "outcast spirits that wait and see through Heaven's gate angels within it." The expression used here argues a lost soul, and our man of science (I do not say all men of science, but refer to the particular friend whose conversation I am trying to recall) does not believe that there is any soul to lose. Out of dust was man formed and whatever is in him is dust: there is no dual existence; body and soul are one and indivisible. When the breath goes out of the body there is an end, and utter oblivion. *Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux, nox est perpetua, una.* If you recall to him that nothing in Nature is destructible, he replies that that is only applicable to the atoms. The material

out of which a plant is made is indestructible, but if you pull up that plant by the roots the atoms which have been previously collected in it immediately begin to lose their bond of union, and from the moment of its death each of them begins to take its several way. It may be hours or it may be years, but soon or late the wind and the rain and the other forces of nature will carry the atoms that composed this individual body far away to build up new forms that cluster together again and make a life. So it is with the human body. It is, upon dissolution, resolved with more or less speed into the dust and ashes of which it was originally composed. "Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away"; or, in more prosaic language, the particles that once formed the tissues of a man enter into the grass and flowers that grow on his tomb, become part and parcel of beast and bird and insect, are disseminated as widely over the surface of the globe as they would be if the body had been cremated and its ashes thrown to the wandering winds.

Now, my friend's contention was that an increasing number of men and women of the new generation hold that this is all we know of the phenomenon called life, and that, in those who come after, such a belief will be bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. I do not say myself that he is right, and I do not say that he is wrong. But it is easy to perceive what an immense change will pass over man's thought and spirit should this come to be his genuine belief. Let him look out from his metaphysical watch-tower, and how vain and futile must the controversies of the moment appear to him! All those fiery politicians who are now disputing over religious education must, under that new light, be seen to be mere phantoms chasing phantoms of butterflies in the short sunshine of life. Not only will the creeds that sufficed for so many be shaken to their foundations, but the hopes and fears and consolations which have sustained humanity during the ages of its recorded existence will have passed like dreams of the night. We have but to take a concrete instance to see the immense effect that will be produced. Imagine a woman, as many a woman has heroically done, undergoing pain, shame, humiliation, yet held up by an implicit faith that when a period is put to her afflictions her reward will be given "in the green fields of Eden." In a similar spirit is the command: "Lay not up for yourselves treasure upon the earth; where the rust and moth doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven; where neither rust nor moth doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

All this is merely to say that with the advent of Charles Darwin we obtained a new cosmogony, and that it is not as the old; and yet, even at the risk of appearing to be indefinite and doubtful, I cannot help questioning this belief of the evolutionist, even on the assumption that what he has postulated must be granted. Let us go so far as to admit for argument's sake that the whole body of belief or superstition—call it what you will—is a fabric that rests on no surer foundation than primæval man's misunderstanding of the true nature of dreams. Even then we have the proposition made by Goethe that Christianity is something that mankind ought to be proud of having evolved. In that case its truths, that have so long been accepted, must for ever remain truths, even though the literal interpretation of them ceases to hold. I have often thought, for example, that the truly divine passage: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow," is true of the potentialities of the human heart, whether promulgated by authority or not. To take a similar passage: "When the wicked man turneth away from the wickedness which he hath committed and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive," contains a truth that is derived, not from a material heaven or a personal deity, but from the unbounded love of justice that is in human nature.

Thus, in spite of my friend's contentions, I think the novel of the future will be very like the novel of the past, except in so far as it will be divested of some of the hypocrisies which we have formerly cherished. Life and life's reward will be prized for their own sake, and the "peace which passeth understanding" will be attributed to its true cause. But, indeed, if we look back to the great writers of the past we seem to see that they have instinctively recognised that these things must be so. Homer and Shakespeare did not depend for immortality upon the maintenance of any particular theory of the universe.

A.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "A Short Way with an Unbeliever," by A. Martin Freeman.]

FICTION

King Peter. By DION CLAYTON CALTHROP. (Duckworth, 6s.)

THIS is the chronicle (a chapter to each year) of the first twenty-one years of King Peter of the Little Kingdom; whose mother, Arnice of the red hair, died at his birth, and whose father, a fierce and headstrong ruler, soon followed her after a most unhappy rebellion against the ways of God. A fair and pleasant kingdom, although small, was the baby king's inheritance. To the south and west of it lay the sea, and an "old map" given as a frontispiece shows how, away on the Northern confines, a stream ran from the forest of Boreswode and past the hamlet of Langdon, marking the boundary line. His own white-walled town, perched high on a hill, lay snugly in the south-east corner, with its castles, gardens, and pleasure-grounds, its abbey and clustering red-roofed houses, just where the River Candida, skirting the eastern wall, widens to the sea. All around him dwelt men and women of every degree, courtiers and warriors, lords and ladies, farmers and fisherfolk, and he knew something of them all. For as a boy he would put on a little red cap whenever he wished to drop his state, and by this token, wandering freely in the midst of a community who loved him, he would hear strange stories from many lips. At four years old it was his bright laughter in a solemn place that broke the spell, as men thought, of a terrible drought. At ten he received his baptism of blood, when some caitiff knights tried to capture him as he kept Christmas with a scanty retinue at his house of Verwod. At thirteen he came near to losing his kingdom in a great rebellion, and helped gallantly to save it. And he learnt many things (of some curious attributes of cowardice, and what a stirring passion ambition may be, and of an unpleasant side to virtue) before at last he came to know, as the prologue has it, of "the storm of life, and of the beauty of sacrifice and of true love." These concluding chapters round off the book with a beautiful and touching incident exquisitely treated. Mr. Calthrop has adopted the pre-Raphaelite tradition throughout, but his detail, always most carefully selected, is never excessive, and he never forgets that, for all the gorgeous colours and fantastic patterns of mediæval Christendom, the general lines of thought and action were far simpler and less complicated than some romancists suppose.

The Bands of Orion. By Hon. Mrs. N. GROSVENOR. (Heinemann, 6s.)

THE novel has all the qualities, good and bad, of amateur work. The writer has thought and felt more finely than she was able to express her thoughts and feelings. Her picture is clouded and blurred, but gives the suggestion of something which has beauty and which is refreshing for that reason. That beauty is seen especially in the close love of the two brothers, Arthur and Richard Dering. Arthur has genius, but is unable to turn his genius to any account. But he inspires Richard with ideas and

makes him a successful novelist, and Richard recognises how much he owes to his brother. Arthur was born under Orion, the hunter's star, and is a wanderer. Not even his love for Clare can induce him to settle. Any yoke will always fret him, and he knows it. Clare's gradual recognition of the fact is handled with extreme delicacy and weight. It is far the best thing in the book. But the solution seems to us unconvincing and disappointing. Arthur dies and Clare marries his brother. We can imagine a marriage between Richard and Clare based on ties of memory and affection; but that Richard should want her love, and that Clare should give it, seems frankly impossible, and in flat contradiction to the characters of both, which have not been shown hitherto to be in any way commonplace. We are inclined to feel that the author has come to the conventional lions and gone round without discovering that after all the lions are chained and tame.

The House in Spring Gardens. By Major ARTHUR GRIFFITHS. (Nash, 6s.)

"THE MASTER" has set the authorities of Scotland Yard at defiance for many years. He has moved mysteriously at the back of half the brilliant crimes in England: he is sinister, and has a long arm to punish any of his minions who do not carry out his commands faithfully. He has many an *alias*, and with each *alias* a wife. One of these wives runs her hat-pin into his heart, when he has evaded the police and, in his pyjamas, is driving with her in a hansom-cab. The murder is not due to her outraged sense of what is fitting in dress: the pyjamas she could pardon; she knew that the policemen would most probably not allow him time to dress as a man should dress to drive with a lady, before he shot them and made his escape. Under the criminal lurked the heart of the woman who did not like her Sam (for so she called him) to be faithless. Salome Raffles (such was her name) was not wholly bad. At least she saved the Master from the ignominy of being captured by Colonel Noel, the amateur detective, and lent a graceful touch of romance to his ending. That must surely be remembered in her favour. And Colonel Noel is not entirely stupid. He has the sense to marry Daphne de Boisne and settle down comfortably into a *role* that is far more suited to his capacity than that of an indomitable sleuth-hound. Till then he is a Watson without his Holmes. But his adventures are often thrilling and are well written—with a brave disregard for possibility; and if he is a little dull, it is not really his fault: many honest men are.

Lady Betty Across the Water. By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON. (Methuen, 6s.)

LADY BETTY BULKELEY'S experiences across the water are bright and amusing; the interest is smartly whipped up, and kept spinning and humming gaily to the last page. The setting of her story has some claim to novelty, the scenes are constantly shifting, and so kaleidoscopic in their variety and dazzling effect, that there is barely time to appreciate or criticise them as they sparkle and change and make way for fresh combinations. The only sustained impressions are that Betty is a charming *ingénue* with the simplicity and shrewdness of her kind; that the way of millionaires in search of new pleasures is hard, their rivalry vulgar and their extravagance childish and irritating. Betty, who is too beautiful for the matrimonial success of a plain elder sister, is packed off to America as the guest of Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox, that astute lady using the acquaintance adroitly enough for her own social promotion. In New York and at Newport Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox gives Lady Betty a "real good time," and shows her the wonders that unlimited dollars can accomplish. Some of them are brilliant efforts of imagination which would ensure the success of any pantomime if carried out upon a far less magnificent scale than the revels at Newport. Betty makes one disinterested friend, rich but not too rich, a Kentucky girl with a story and a heart.

More important still, she is haunted by a face seen in the steerage when crossing the Atlantic; and, after that, no aspiring millionaire of Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox's acquaintance has a chance of entering the ducal fold. For reasons of her own, Betty runs away from Newport and her ambitious hostess, and thanks to the steerage passenger, Jim Brett, she finds friends among his homely kinsfolk, and Jim, who is made of the right stuff, and at a pinch could buy a navy to play with, shows Betty another and a pleasanter side of American life. It is all in accordance with the old order of romance, of which novel-readers never tire, and if there is no new element in Lady Betty's love-story, there are some pretty passages in connection with it and much that is clever and entertaining in the account of her adventures.

Count Bunker. By J. STORER CLOUSTON. (Blackwood, 6s.)

"COUNT BUNKER: being A bald yet voracious Chronicle containing some further particulars of two Gentlemen whose previous careers were touched upon in a tome entitled 'The Lunatic at Large.'" Such is the inscription on the title-page of Mr. Clouston's book. He brings Baron Rudolph von Blitzenberg back to London, where he "vunce did have fun for his money," "a dignified representative of a particularly dignified State." But the memory of old times with his friend Bunker and the proximity of that gentleman are too much for him, and afresh springs the desire to "go once more a-roving by the light of the moon." Straightway he puts it into execution, in spite of his agonised wife's reminder of the state in which he had returned after the last evening spent in Bunker's company. But the Baron is not attached to an embassy for nothing. "In diplomacy it is necessary for a diplomatist to be diplomatic," and, unblushingly attributing this sapient axiom to Bismarck, he hies him out to meet his friend. Bunker is all that he remembered him, nay, more—much more—and quickly does his inventive genius pile one compromising situation upon another and honeycomb with pitfalls innumerable the paths along which it is his delight to lead his best friend. In any but the author's hands the plot would have justified the reviewer in dubbing this tale a roaring farce, but the adjective would be misleading where the character of the central figure is brought out by delicate touches that raise the story to the level of true comedy. Mr. Clouston loves his pair of boon companions: he makes his readers do likewise, whether in the scene where the Baron heartens up the diffident Tollyvoddle with the exhortation: "Approach her mid a kilt," or on the many occasions when he endeavours to prove not less to his friend than himself that his wife is "ze magnet" and he "ze pole"; only "I jost sometimes vish marriage was not quite—quite so unintermittable." If there is a weak point in the workmanship of the book, it is in the *dénouement*; the fun is had and not sufficiently paid for, as, to be true to life, it should have been. But, again, this is due to the author's affection for his creations. As personal friends, Mr. Clouston could not put them "in the cart" and leave them there, and this lapse from the strict canons of art will be readily forgiven if in the future the author will (as every line of the concluding chapter hints he will) once more set the Baron and Bunker afloat on another voyage of adventure and misadventure, and—take us with them.

The Evasion. By EUGENIA BROOKS FROTHINGHAM. (Constable, 6s.)

THIS book is admirably named. Superficially, the evasion is that of a young man who cheats at cards, cannot face the odds of confession, allows another man to bear the blame and ultimately marries the very exquisite young girl whom that other man loves. Fundamentally, it is the much more vital evasion by the best type of American mind—the strenuous, upright New England mind—of the doctrine of the Incarnation. This is too controversial a question to discuss in a short review, and yet the main interest of Mrs. Frothingham's novel lies in

this greater evasion and its resulting egoism. It is impossible to read the more serious American novel of to-day and not be struck with its insistent note of more or less lofty self-centredness. The part which dress, in its highest development, plays in the American novel of society is typical of this. To be poor, in our old-world sense of the word, to wear an unmodish gown, is a fate so terrible that the sternest American novelist shrinks from finally abandoning his heroines to it, though they may, like Gladys in "The Evasion," know the agonies of the home-made frock for a few short months as one of the principal goads towards a loveless marriage. The hero, Dick Copeland, is the only character who does not evade some—to us—obvious duty, and almost the only person in the book who does not, more or less delicately, live for himself; and we are glad to feel that he will get his reward in a union with the woman he loves, though we leave them both in a state of waiting. Mrs. Frothingham writes with thoughtful distinction, and a fine feeling for character. Her style is cosmopolitan and her point of view that of the dweller in both continents, but her spiritual outlook is of the younger world, and to the end we are left in doubt whether she is on the side of authority, or of negation. In short, her own mental attitude is surely only another witness to her sense of fitness in nomenclature—an evasion.

The Adventures of Alicia. By KATHARINE TYNAN. (White, 6s.)

ALICIA MACNAMARA is one of this author's most fascinating Irish girls, and readers know what they can be at their best. Alicia also has the advantage of belonging to an ancient and impoverished family, and is brought up in the picturesque, happy, shiftless manner peculiar to these circumstances—in Ireland. And who will regret the good old times, the past splendours, the falling rents, at least in these pages where poverty, whenever we meet her, wears a gay and smiling face? The author "puts the comether" upon us, and shows us things, not as they are, but as she wishes them to appear, and leaves us with no desire to resist the spell of her charming, romantic story. Misunderstanding and sorrow there are, since not even Katharine Tynan can contrive a story all of sunshine, but there is always a golden path to happiness, and life is half a fairy-tale that might come true. As the elder daughter of her house, Alicia sets out into the world to lighten the family burthen, and, as her friends hope, to marry according to her birth and beauty. Her adventures in the ideal situations she obtains as companion form a series of tales in which she plays the principal part, particularly in the breaking of hearts, while keeping unswervingly faithful to Sir Carew MacNamara of Castle Truagh, who is away on the Indian frontier, with no money and no prospects. Her beauty is fatal to the peace of several households, and brings about a variety of complications and an unusual amount of love-making, monotonous or delightful according to the reader's taste for scenes of this order. Marriage is obviously the only way of stopping Alicia's innocent mischief, and in good time the MacNamara legend justifies itself, and "henceforth there would be no more lack of money than of love at Castle Truagh." There is Molly also to claim our interest, Alicia's wilder Irish sister, and quite as attractive in a daring, impetuous fashion; and Aunt Sibbie and the Colonel, and a score of other pleasant people, young and old, who help to make Alicia's adventures cheerful and agreeable reading.

FINE ART

MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN

THIS remarkably gifted artist aroused discussion from the first and will continue to harass the perplexed critic who has felt that at least he was not to be dismissed with a word. The public, too, or that small section of it which

troubles itself about modern art—which, like a woman, is usually right in its conclusions but wrong in the reasons it gives for them—has exclaimed against the “ugliness” of his art, against its defiance of nature, lack of colour, or, when colour is there, its falseness, even discovering something unpleasant in the taste of it, and so forth.

We must go a little deeper than these mere exclamations of dismay or discomfort if it is desirable to place him, and the exhibition at the Chenil Galleries, Chelsea, of eighty-two of his etchings may help us to do so.

Mr. John is curiously typical of that movement which has spread lately among the younger men, especially in the New English Art Club and the International Society, and which I have called the archaistic movement. They are all clever artists, these archaistic ones, but Mr. John's ability and versatility are almost uncanny. When I visited the Royal Academy I thought I had got by mistake into a “one-man show,” as all the pictures seemed to have been painted by Sargent, whilst at the Chenil Gallery a whole Academy or rather museum is displayed. *Old Man of Liverpool!* Surely not—he hailed from Haarlem, that Old Man. *Head of Old Underwood*, this attribution is incorrect, as the etching is an undoubted Dürer; Rubens etched the *Girl with Curls*; Manet, *La Gravidà*; Legros, *The Quarry Folk*; and, most curious of all, Mr. Reed, of *Punch*, has been induced to contribute one caricature, *The Idiot*. As for the Rembrandts, which abound with appropriate collectors' titles, we actually giggle with delight at their cleverness: *Annie with a Feather Hat*, *Self Portrait*, *Old Man in Fur Cloak*. As I do not frequent museums, which I hold to be institutions as barbarous and ghastly as the Morgue, I was unable to find the originals of some of the Italianate pieces, such as *Ursula*, but I have no doubt they exist. It is difficult not to seem unfair in such strictures as these, since, after all, the greatest artists are those who have derived most from their predecessors and fellows. But, to put it shortly, two influences are paramount in all art that is on a sound basis:

1. Nature.
2. Immediate predecessors.

Now, most great artists, early in their career, have looked at nature with an eye biased, it is true, by study of art—Gainsborough, for instance, and Turner—but they did look at her. Mr. John and the whole of his school never seem to have opened their eyes to the world at all.

Secondly, Mr. John makes a leap back for some centuries, and ignores his immediate precursors altogether. For him no painter has existed after Rubens, no etcher (except Mr. Reed aforesaid) after Rembrandt. Our magnificent English schools have had no part in his development; even the Pre-Raphaelites, who are traceable in the other archaistic pictures, are practically negligible, and, of course, all the modern atmospheric effects first discovered by Turner and Constable, and developed steadily for nearly a century by painters of all nationalities, including Whistler, Monet, Corot, Degas, are put aside.

No one was more derivative than Turner. We may imagine Claude whispering in his ear, Van de Velde slapping him on the shoulder, Canaletto pointing a stern finger at some piece of shaky drawing, Ruysdael gently clapping his hands, Titian raising his eyebrows, even Watteau smiling shyly on him; and yet who, after all, dominates the assembly—who but Turner? The kind ghosts are his servants, and not he theirs. All the ingredients have been so welded and moulded together, so absorbed and assimilated, that you can rarely put your finger on any point and say: “that is a bit of Van de Velde,” and in any case no one painter dominates the rest.

But when Mr. John does a Rembrandtesque etching, it is more than Rembrandtesque; it is Rembrandt himself. No doubt any modern artist may modestly deprecate comparison with giants like Turner; my point is that the trick of imitating the handling of the masters has never

until recently been pushed to the extent we see now, or by artists of the calibre of Mr. John. He is magnificently equipped, with an eye and hand that make all artists envy his gift; and what does he do with them but repeat what has been said centuries past perfectly and finally? I am sure he could, if he were not unfortunately an honest man, turn out for the markets that are craving for them the “authentic” masterpieces of all the old masters, and be making a pile overtopping that of any of his contemporaries. The signatures alone are wanting; probably they will be supplied by another hand when he can no longer profit by them.

B. S.

ROUND THE GALLERIES

RECENT visitors to the not very impressive exhibitions of the Royal Society of British Artists cannot have failed to remark the virile, direct paintings of Mr. J. D. Fergusson, who is holding a one-man exhibition at the Baillie Gallery (54 Baker Street). In an explanatory foreword to the catalogue the artist states that he is “trying for truth, for reality: through light,” and to the initiated this will reveal the kinship of Mr. Fergusson's intentions with those of Gainsborough, as well as with those of Velasquez and Manet, whose manner of painting his own more closely resembles. Mr. Fergusson is seen at his best in a still life, *After Dinner* (2); of a grand piano and a table set out for coffee; a Japanese portrait, *The Pink Camellia* (15), in which the means are concealed more effectually than is his wont; and in another still life, *The Japanese Statuette* (12), which has the gravity and suave charm of a good Alfred Stevens. Mr. Fergusson's nice sense of quality and harmonious colour is further displayed in a number of coast scenes, but these are so strongly reminiscent of Whistler that they feebly represent the individual force of the painter's considerable talent.

Mr. Arthur Studd, a collection of whose paintings is also at Mr. Baillie's, is well known as the happy possessor of the *Little White Girl* and other choice Whistlers, and his own works amply testify his devotion to this master. Indeed, *The Girl in Brown* (14) and the *Head of a Workman* (33) are little more than echoes, pleasing echoes it is true, of the *Rose of Lyme Regis* and the *Master Smith*, and no stronger individuality is revealed in his impressions of Venice and other cities. In short, these are School pictures, though we hasten to acknowledge that the school is good and the scholar apt.

Mr. Mark Fisher's water-colours are far too distinctive and their exhibition is too rare an event for the collection at the Leicester Galleries to be negligible in the most crowded exhibition season. Strongly personal, more personal in some respects than his oils, these vividly recorded impressions of sunny scenes are nevertheless legitimate descendants of the landscapes of Gainsborough and Constable, and mark a stage in the development of British landscape. It is noteworthy, moreover, that rich and deep though Mr. Fisher's colour be, it is never heavy, but ever has that limpid quality which is the prime virtue of the medium he uses boldly, yet with much discretion.

MUSIC

A SIDELIGHT UPON WAGNER

WAGNERIAN criticism seemed almost dead when a recent article on the *Ring* in the *Daily News* proclaimed Mr. Baughan the latest of Wagner's assailants. It would have been a bitter pill, perhaps the bitterest of his hard life, could Wagner have foreseen his future position as the lapdog of fashion and the idol of the musical dilettante; but to this he has come, in England at any rate: by such he has been invested with “the divinity that doth hedge a king,” and any one who calls that in question is

a traitor. Consequently, Mr. Baughan has got himself into trouble, a result which he probably anticipated and for which he does not much desire pity. At any rate that is not the point I wish to discuss, nor whether the music of the *Ring* is really symphonic or dramatic, a task for which I should be ill qualified, but to draw some attention to an early work of Wagner's, one which we have heard in London more recently than the *Ring* performances, and perhaps to draw some inferences from it—"Das Liebesmahl der Apostel." The Männergesang Verein of Vienna gave this as the closing work of their two London concerts last week, and probably it must be considered the chief among the great variety of works which they gave with surprising perfection, though many other things gave greater pleasure. "Das Liebesmahl der Apostel" is not new to London. In a moment of unwonted enterprise the Royal Choral Society sang it at the Albert Hall some years ago, but many people must have heard it for the first time on Monday week, and to some it was a surprise to know that Wagner had ever attempted so considerable a choral work apart from the stage. Now Wagner, or rather his champions, have so often evaded musical criticism on the ground that his music had to be made subservient to the drama (and now they are called upon to defend the counter charge of sacrificing the drama to the music) that at first sight it seems as if with "Das Liebesmahl der Apostel" he had for once descended into the open and given us one opportunity of judging his purely musical powers by the same standards as those of other men. This is true to some extent, but since it was written shortly after *Rienzi* and before *Tannhäuser*, it is, of course, infinitely less valuable than such an experiment would have been had it, for instance, followed *Götterdämmerung*. It is only the tentative Wagner beginning slowly to feel his way towards his own individual expression. How far he achieved anything in the attempt will be seen from some detailed description, which, as the work is still comparatively unfamiliar to English people, may not be superfluous.

The subject-matter is founded on an incident in the Acts of the Apostles, where Peter and John, having been imprisoned for preaching in the Temple, are released with a threat of death should they preach any more in that Name. Wagner treats it as happening to the Twelve, who return to the other disciples and recount what has happened, rejoicing that they are counted worthy to suffer for the faith; they join together in the breaking of bread and in prayer for the sending of the Holy Spirit upon the Church; their prayer is answered and all join in a hymn of praise culminating in the words:

Denn ihm ist alle Herrlichkeit von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit!

Apart from the suspicion that Wagner has chosen rather for its obvious possibilities for scenic effect a subject, which, if set at all, should have received only the most thoughtful and spiritual treatment, the main idea is beautiful and inspiring. Three four-part choruses represent the Disciples, twelve bass voices the Apostles, though these latter never sing in more than four-part harmony. The first part of the work consists of unaccompanied choruses, probably suggested to him by his work as Kapellmeister at Dresden, where he tried to revive some of Palestrina's music. The three choruses converse in a *capella* style, first separately, then in closer combination, the words being mainly an exhortation to courage in the face of persecution. The music is, however, extraordinarily loose, with very little distinctiveness of subject or treatment. Wagner seems to have been content to catch something of Palestrina's manner of dealing with voices, discarding, of course, the restrictions of harmony which his time imposed, and not realising that modern liberty implies the duty of a consistency of musical treatment in form and matter at which Palestrina had not arrived. However, with the aid of one rather poor theme to the words: "Kommt her, ihr die ihr hungert," which is repeated and receives some-

thing of the dignity of a principal theme, the chorus is developed to the point where the apostles enter. They tell what has befallen them in music which attempts to do no more than declaim the words in a choral quasi-recitative. All this time the listener feels that the musical point is still to come, and he expects to arrive at it when the full chorus bursts in with the prayer, beginning: "Allmächtiger Vater der du hast gemacht Himmel und Erd' und Alles was darin!" But no. It is still declamatory, one shape of phrase succeeding another, with apparently no purely musical design. With the words: "Sende uns deinen heiligen Geist," the intensity of emotion thickens rather than deepens. *Crescendo* and *decrescendo* marks are sprinkled thickly over the score. The effect which he has been unable to produce by musicianship he to some extent gets by working up his singers to a climax of tone and breaking off on a *fortissimo* chord of D. We then hear in the distance "Stimmen aus der Höhe," singing words of comfort. This theatrical effect is succeeded by another. The orchestra enters, drums and *tremolando* strings shivering over chords of the diminished seventh. The *crescendo* is tremendous. Soon the full orchestra blaze out, the chorus cry aloud:

Welch' Brausen erfüllt die Luft? Welch' Tönen, welch' Klingen!
Bewegt sich nicht die Stätte, wo wir stehen?
Gegrüßt sei uns der Geist des Herrn, den wir erfleht!

The Apostles sing a noble-sounding recitative, but still no music, only musical declamation. At last this gives place to something definite. The tenors give out a theme which is the principal subject of the last movement. It is almost amusing to see how like Mendelssohn Wagner's treatment becomes, when the long-deferred moment for definite musical matter arrives, only that this is far weaker than Mendelssohn would have allowed it to be. If Mendelssohn could not have written a better tune than this for a finale, he would have resorted to a chorale and justified himself by classical precedent. Wagner, too proud to do that, makes up a commonplace tune, which, sung by two hundred voices, has a certain effectiveness, and uses Mendelssohn's favourite device of accompanying this with a counterpoint of rushing semiquavers on the violins. Having developed this to some extent in harmony, he returns to a grandiloquent repetition of the time in unison, which leads into the coda. Here is nothing new, save a subject in crotchets to the last line of words, quoted above as the culminating-point. It is evidently suggested by the ecstatic passages in the Choral Symphony, but its effect is not impressive and it gives place to a cadence which is so by sheer weight of tone.

If this description does justice to the work—and in spite of a detailed examination of the score and carefully listening to the recent performance, I am unable to find any deeper musical qualities in it—it is some indication of how little natural grasp Wagner had of the absolute value of music material and its treatment. Here any theme is good enough to serve as a peg on which to hang his tonal effects. He does not discriminate. Nothing is too poor to serve him; the impressive nature of his subject, a great power of vocal declamation and of disposing qualities and quantities of tone in effective contrasts, were at this time what he relied on for his results. From such a starting-point it is well nigh impossible to conceive a composer making the dramatic needs of his theatre music subservient to a symphonic design, which is Mr. Baughan's charge against him. If in his mature works he did so, it is explicable only by Wagner's extraordinary power of acquiring anything which his astute feeling for effect saw to be needful. His power of writing sustained melody was always uncertain and apt to degenerate into something trivial, but he could devise short characteristic figures and themes and these, woven together with the help of his unerring sense of harmonic colour, could be made to take the place of pure melody. Thus the *leit motif* principle was evolved, as a sort of short cut to composition by one who was keen self-critic enough to discover his own

weaknesses, both of natural endowment and of musical education. It could not have been so extraordinarily successful as it was, had it not had the help of alliance with the drama. Wagner was too clever to suppose that such a device could be the sustaining force of pure instrumental music or even of choral music without drama, and when he had evolved it he made no experiments of such a nature as "Das Liebesmahl der Apostel." His less wise successors have done so, however, and its persistent use causes the weakness, if not the complete failure, of the works of many a gifted composer of the present day. The process of weaving together *leit motiven* may be at times too cumbersome and slow for the pace of the dramatic movement, but it seems less so than any other kind of musical design, and Wagner had found in such early experiments as the one we have discussed the need for some such design in anything calling itself music, even if only dramatic music. It is, in fact, the *minimum* which music demands in order to maintain its identity in its partnership with the drama. If this much cannot be granted to it, Wagner, in seeking to create this partnership, may only have proved their incompatibility.

H. C. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In reading the current number of the ACADEMY I have been much interested in the second criticism of the Royal Academy under the heading "Fine Art." I should like to give expression to my sympathy with the writer's views regarding the advisability of earlier retirement on the part of Royal Academicians, thereby providing for the admission of younger men, with fresher ideas and readier sympathy with the newer methods and more daring aspirations of youth. Quoting from the article, these views may be summed up in the sentence, "As his age advances the Academician has 'less reverence for the young,' and one cannot but think that the author had in mind those forceful lines of the inspired poetess, Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

The young run on and see the thing
That's coming. Reverence for the young, I cry.
In that new church for which the world's near ripe
You'll have the younger in the elder's chair,
Presiding with his ivory front of hope
O'er foreheads clawed by cruel carrion-birds
Of Life's experience.

It is a strange anomaly that in the present age, which favours the efforts of youth in almost every direction more than perhaps any other has done, the work of the younger and newer schools of art should be so consistently slighted, misinterpreted and misunderstood. The earlier retirement of Royal Academicians and consequent election of younger men would to a great extent tend to remedy the injustice that at present undoubtedly exists, and to remove the prejudice that is felt in certain artistic circles against the work of the younger and more virile artists of the later schools. It cannot be doubted that the ultimate result of such action would be a great advance in the *quality* of the work seen at our largest annual exhibition.

K. M. THORNTON.

May 30.

MICHAEL ANGELO

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Sturge Moore's article on "Taste or Imagination?" was first rate. But why, oh why, do you let him say "Michelangelo"? Michael Angelo I know, and Michelange I know, but in the name of the King's English, mediæval and the Entente Cordiale who is this bastard Michelangelo?

R. F.

ENCOURAGING THE MINOR POET

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Certain dailies, taking their cue from an article in *The Nineteenth Century*, are at the old game of deriding "minor poets," whom they haughtily advise that there are too many bards in the world. The "minor poet" might with justice retort that there are too many daily papers, and consequently too many editors and journalists. During the last six months at least thirty copies of "influential journals" have been thrust unsolicited and gratis into my letter-box. I thought them superfluous, and as no stamps were enclosed they went straight to the dustbin.

The same organs warn young romance-writers to find other employment. From what we hear as to the pay of manuscript-readers and other hangers-on of literature, it would seem as though another telling retort were to hand, and that the lordly advisers were trying to destroy their own occupation. No doubt many young writers almost kill themselves in vain attempts to secure a place, but they who so often wing the shaft that maims should be the last to sneer. Let them call to mind Tony Weller's remark as to what might happen if people left off dying: "What 'ud become o' the undertakers?"

A practical joker of my acquaintance once sent a poem, written by a gifted American bard, the round of all the dailies that have "literary columns," and then to all the monthly magazines. In every case it was returned, and in none was the fraud discovered. He sent the poem all round again, calling attention to refusal, and to its undeniable beauties of language and sentiment. In every case it came back like a shot from a gun, and in many the editors added brief and cutting remarks, yet the fraud was not detected. He interpolated a few lines of doggerel, and sent the poem in its new rig to a certain budget of flippancies. The editor, who has as much to say on such matters as here and there one, *accepted and published*. This is stark fact. My acquaintance holds the letters, but, mischievous though he is, has too much delicacy to make them public *at present*.

Now, a plain man might see in the above ample explanation of the "slump" in poetry. We are not all plain men, and some might be inclined to court your readers' opinion. No journal has ever dealt more graciously with poets and young writers than the ACADEMY has. It would be interesting to have a decision from its many gifted readers as to whether the "slump" is due to the persistency of unskilled poets, or to the facts that some editors, instead of running "literary columns," should be carving and weighing cheese, and that the public of most of the dailies prefers cheese, even mouldy cheese, to ambrosia. For my part, I am inclined to think minor poets cannot be too plentiful, any more than skylarks and throats can. And it would not be hard to prove that much so-called "higher poetry" is very poor stuff.

ONE IN DOUBT.

HAD THE ANCIENT GREEKS "CORNERS"?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you allow me to point out that Professor R. Y. Tyrrell's contention, in yours of to-day's date, p. 527, "... a people [the ancient Greeks], ... which ... could not make 'corners' in anything," is, I submit, unfair to the contemporaries of Aristophanes and to those mentioned by Athenæus. The "regraters" or "fore-stallers," *πρὸς θάλα*, of the *Clouds*, as well as the whole description of the Athenian fishmongers in the man of Naucratis (of Athenæus Dr. Tyrrell has an excellent edition, with Latin notes, as I happen to know) prove, I take it, the existence of "corners" in fish and in other commodities.

H. H. JOHNSON.

June 2.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Does not Professor Tyrrell's remark, in his article on Greek at the Universities, about "a people which ... could not make 'corners' in anything," somewhat under-rate the business ability of the Ancient Greeks? Aristotle (*Pol.* I. 11, 1259 a. 6) tells us a story of Thales, the earliest of Greek philosophers, making use of his astronomical knowledge on one occasion to "corner" the oil trade; and observes in the context that this was a general principle of money-making, and one adopted by some cities, when in financial straits.

G. A. PURTON.

Leatherhead, June 2.

COWPER'S "CHURCH-GOING BELL"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is waste of time to argue against a poet's particular use of a locution by producing hypothetical instances of its abuse. As in Cowper's epithet there is no question of the breach of any grammatical propriety the only question can be whether it offends the sensitive literary taste. Well, about matters of taste we cannot expect perfect agreement. We might as well expect unanimity on the Education Bill. I think however that most lovers of poetry will agree that there is nothing very shocking in the sound of Cowper's bell.

A. L. MAYHEW.

"KNOWLEDGE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to the pronunciation of the word "knowledge," about which you wrote a fortnight ago, I do not know if you will think the following story worth printing. Years ago a friend of mine was one of a dinner-party where Tennyson was present. In reply to a question of his host my friend said, "I have no knowledge of the fact." Instantly, to the amazement of the company, Tennyson started up, walked round the table to my friend's seat, held out his hand, and exclaimed, "Let me shake hands with the Englishman who says knowledge instead of knowlledge! Among the faithless faithful only he!" And having resumed his seat he denounced in vehement terms the iniquitous mispronunciations of the English language.

"A propos de bottles," may I ask if it is not morally certain that in former times the second "i" in the word "infinite" was pronounced long? E.g., in the well-known hymn of Watts,

Infinite day excludes the night,

and in Milton's poems,

Hoarse murmur echoed to his words applause
Through the infinite host. Nor less for that
The flaming seraph, etc.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

[Milton was too good a Latinist not to know that the second "i" in "infinite" should be long; and our correspondent is right in his suggestion that it was so pronounced in former days.—Ed.]

WIT, VERSUS WHITE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The name "Whit Sunday" means simply White Sunday, the Anglo-Saxon *Hwitan Sunnan dæg*. It has nothing to do with "wit" or "witan"; the form "Wit-Sunday" arose some time in the twelfth century from the dropping of *h* by Norman scribes, who could not pronounce the aspirate before or after *w*. Mr. Hall's "Dominicus in albo" (he means Dominica in albis) was so named from the white garments worn by candidates for baptism, whom Mr. Hall somewhat strangely calls "examinees." The rite was originally administered on the First Sunday after Easter, or "Low Sunday," but was afterwards transferred to Pentecost or Whit-Sunday. The history and derivation of the name is fully explained in Skeat's "Dictionary of English Etymology."

C. S. ERRAM.

Oxford, June 5.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

- Speight, Harry. *Nidderdale, from Nun Monkton to Wharfedale*. Being a record of the history, antiquities, scenery, old homes, families, etc., of the beautiful valley of the Nidd. Illustrations and a map. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 571, lxxii. Elliot Stock, n.p.
- [Twelve years ago Mr. Speight published a larger work on Nidderdale. In the present volume he has endeavoured "to revise and condense the old work, and thus present the story of this attractive valley in briefer and more portable form."]
- Bloom, J. Harvey. *English Seals*. 93 Illustrations. The Antiquary's Books. 9 × 5½. Pp. 274. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.
- Great Buildings and How to Enjoy Them. *Gothic Architecture*. By Edith A. Browne. 48 full-page illustrations, reproduced from photographs. 9 × 6½. Pp. 125. Black, 3s. 6d. net.
- Ancient Records of Egypt*. Historical documents from the earliest times to the Persian Conquest, collected, edited, and translated, with commentary, by James Henry Breasted. Vol. iii.—The Nineteenth Dynasty. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 279. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, n.p.
- Rembrandt: a Memorial, 1606-1906*. Part vii. 14½ × 10½. Pp. 6 + Pl. 7. Heinemann, 2s. 6d. net.
- [The Schmidt plates are "Sketch of Leonardo's 'Last Supper': Red chalk (Prince George of Saxony); Pen-and-wash drawing, 'Cottage surrounded by Trees' (Heseltine), and Study in red and black chalk for the etched portrait of Renier Anso, 1640 (British Museum). The Photogravures are: "Portraits of the Artist" (Vienna); "Family Group" (Brunswick); "Portrait of an old Man" (National Gallery) and "Samson and Delilah" (Palace, Berlin).]
- Frantz, Henri. *Delacroix*. 9½ × 6½. Pp. xxii, Pl. 48. Art Library. Newnes, 3s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- Thureau-Dangin, Paul. *Saint Bernardine of Siena*. Translated by Baroness G. von Hugel. 8 × 5½. Pp. 288. Dent, 4s. 6d. net.

EDUCATION.

- Kingsley's Andromeda, with the Story of Perseus Prefixed*. Edited for Schools by George Yeld, M.A. English Literature for Secondary Schools series. 7 × 4½. Pp. 94. Macmillan, 1s.
- Stories from Don Quixote*. Told to the Children by John Lang; pictures by F. M. B. Blaikie. *Aesop's Fables*. Told to the Children by Lena Dalkeith; pictures by S. R. Praeger. Told to the Children series. Each 6 × 4½. Jack, 1s. net each.
- Kingsley's Water-Babies*, slightly abridged and edited, with introduction, notes, and illustrations, by Janet Horace-Smith and Marion L. Milford. 5 full-page illustrations by Janet Robertson. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d.
- Goldsmith's Traveller and Deserted Village; Gray's Elegy; Coleridge's Ancient Mariner; Wordsworth's Simpler Poems*. With introductions and notes. The Temple English Literature series for Schools. 6½ × 4½. Dent, 1s. net.
- [These four texts are also issued separately in limp cloth cover at 3d. net per vol.]
- Kirkman, F. B. *La première année de français*. Première partie. Phonetically transcribed by L. Savory. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 26. Black, 6d.

FICTION.

- Yarcott, W. G. *Pinch, Potty and Co.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 212. Harper, 3s. 6d.
- Harte, Edith Bagot. *The Price of Silence*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 320. Greening, 6s.
- Biddulph, Mrs. Wright. *Cressida*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 312. Greening, 6s.

- Rowland, Henry C. *In the Shadow*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 316. Heinemann, 6s.
- Koch, Mrs. Mary. *Paul Jerome*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 320. Greening, 6s.
- Clouston, J. Storer. *Count Bunker*. Being a bald yet veracious chronicle containing some further particulars of two gentlemen whose previous careers were touched upon in a tome entitled "The Lunatic at Large." 7½ × 5½. Pp. 340. Blackwood, 6s. (See p. 551.)
- Burchell, Sidney Herbert. *The Grip of Fear*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 322. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.
- White, Fred M. *The Yellow Face*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 307. White, 6s.
- Bindloss, Harold. *Beneath Her Station*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 310. White, 6s.
- Curties, Henry. *An Imperial Love-Story*. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 343. Washbourne, 3s. 6d.
- Hernaman-Jones, F. *The Polyphemes*. A story of strange adventures among strange beings. Frontispiece by Harold Piffard. 8 × 5½. Pp. 318. Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.
- Gunter, Archibald Clavering. *My Japanese Prince*. Being some startling excerpts from the diary of Hilda Patience-Armstrong, of Meriden Connecticut, at present travelling in the Far East. Illustrations by Victor Prout. 7½ × 5. Pp. 256. Ward, Lock, 6s.
- Speight, T. W. *Mora: One Woman's History*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 128. Greening 6s.
- Halcombe, Charles J. H. *Children of Far Cathay*. A social and political novel. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 461. Printed and published at the Hong Kong Daily Press Office, 6s.
- Koebel, W. H. *The Seat of the Moods*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 159. Francis Griffiths, 3s. 6d.
- Neuman, B. Paul. *The Spoils of Victory*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 367. Murray, 6s.
- Bullock, Shan F. *The Cubs: the story of a friendship*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 350. Werner Laurie, 6s.
- Molesworth, Mrs. *The Wrong Envelope, and other stories*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 248. Macmillan, 6s.
- [The last story, "A Ghost of the Pampas," is by Mrs. Molesworth's son—Bevil R. Molesworth—who died at his ranch in Patagonia seven years ago.]

GENEALOGY.

- The Knights of England*. A complete record from the earliest time to the present day of the Knights of all the Orders of Chivalry in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of Knights Bachelors. By William A. Shaw. Incorporating a complete list of Knights Bachelors dubbed in Ireland, compiled by G. D. Burtchaell. 2 vols. 10 × 7½. Pp. lxiii, 479, and 420 + Index (253 pp.). Printed and published for the Central Chancery of the Orders of Knighthood, by Sherratt & Hughes, 42s. net.

HISTORY.

- Shore, Thomas William. *Origin of the Anglo-Saxon Race*. Edited by T. W. and E. W. Shore. 9½ × 5½. Pp. 416. Elliot Stock, 9s. net.
- ["A study of the settlement of England and the Tribal Origin of the Old English People."]

LITERATURE.

- Bayley, Harold. *The Shakespeare Symphony*. An introduction to the ethics of the Elizabethan drama. 9 × 6. Pp. 393. Chapman & Hall, 12s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Reich, Emil. *Plato as an Introduction to Modern Criticism of Life*. 9 × 6. Pp. 336. Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.
- Louis Wain's Summer Book, 1906*. 9½ × 7½. Pp. 96. P. S. King, 1s.
- Ruskin at Venice*. A Lecture given during the Ruskin Commemoration at Venice, September 21, 1905, by Robert De la Sizeranne. Translated by Mrs. Frederic Harrison. 7½ × 5. Pp. 70. Allen, 1s. net.
- Gledstone, James Paterson. *Should Christians Make Fortunes?* 7½ × 5. Pp. 127. Headley, 2s. net.

MUSIC.

- Journal of the Folk-Song Society*. No. 8. Being the third part of vol. ii. 8½ × 6½. Pp. 77. London: 84 Carlisle Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W. [Contains songs collected from Essex, Norfolk, Sussex, Wiltshire, Yorkshire, Kent and London.]
- Burgess, Francis. *Verdi's Il Trovatore and Rigoletto*. Nights at the Opera series. Nos. x and xi. Each 7½ × 4. Pp. 56 and 42. De La More Press, 1s. net each.
- Dry, Waking. *Wagner's Flying Dutchman*. Nights at the Opera series. 7½ × 4. Pp. 66. De La More Press, 1s. net.

PHILOSOPHY.

- Joseph, H. W. D. *An Introduction to Logic*. 9 × 6. Pp. 564. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 9s. 6d. net.

POETRY.

- Lawson, Henry. *When I Was King, and other verses*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 270. Sydney: Angus & Robertson, 3s. 6d. net.
- [Many of the verses in this volume appeared in the *Sydney Bulletin* and other papers; eleven are reprinted from "The Children of the Bush" (Methuen).]
- Newmarch, Rosa. *Songs to a Singer, and other verses*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 108. Lane, 5s. net.
- Sill, Louise Morgan. *In Sun or Shade*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 226. Harper, 6s. net.
- [Several of the poems are reprinted from American magazines.]
- The Red West Road, and other verses*. By "Quilp N." 8½ × 6. Pp. 55. Wellington: Turnbull, n.p.
- [Reprinted from various Australasian papers.]
- Drew, Bernard. *Cassandra and other poems*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 100. Nutt 3s. 6d. net.
- Gould, Gerald. *Lyrics*. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 47. Nutt, 1s. net.
- Lawson, Will ("Quilp N."). *Between the Lights, and other verses*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 114. Wellington: Ferguson & Hicks, n.p.
- [Reprinted from various Australasian papers.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

- Plutarch's Lives*. Translated by Aubrey Stewart and George Long. 4 vols. The York Library. 6½ × 4½. Bell, 2s. net each.
- [This translation of Plutarch's Lives was first published in 1860-1862 in Bohn's Standard Library. Thirteen of the lives were translated by George Long and the remainder by Aubrey Stewart. A revised edition was issued in 1893-4, and it has been frequently reprinted. It is now added to the York Library.]

- Crommelin, May. *Bay Ronald, a novel*. New edition. 7½×5. Pp. 348. Jarrold, 3s. 6d.
- Borrow's *Lavengro*, and *The Zincali*; *Democratic Vistas*, and other papers, by Walt Whitman; Landon's *Imaginary Conversations* (vol. ii.—Dialogues of Sovereigns and Statesmen); and Sir Edward Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, from Marathon to Waterloo*. Each 6½×4. The New Universal Library. Routledge, 1s. net per vol.
- Poems of Matthew Arnold*, and *Dramas and Prize-poems of Matthew Arnold*. Edited by Laurie Magnus. Each 6×4. The Muses' Library. Routledge, 1s. net each.
- Viscount St. Cyres's *François de Fénelon*. With 8 illustrations. Oxford Biographies. 7×4½. Pp. 208. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.
- [Abridged.]
- The Works of Shakespeare: *Troilus and Cressida*. Edited by K. Deighton. The Arden Shakespeare. 8½×6. Pp. 208. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.
- Scott's *Ivanhoe* and Charles Reade's *The Cloister and the Hearth*. Each 6½×4½. Nelson's Sixpenny Classics.
- Ward, Mrs. Humphry. *Lady Rose's Daughter*. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo. 8½×5½. Pp. 204. Sixpenny Copyright Novels. Newnes.
- Murray, David Christie. *The Martyred Fool*. 8½×5½. Pp. 148. Sixpenny Novels Illustrated. Newnes.
- Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (in 7 vols.), vols. ii. and iii. Borrow's *Romany Rye*. Each 6½×4. The World's Classics. Frowde, 1s. net each.
- Ainslie, Douglas. *John of Damascus*. Fourth edition. 7×4½. Pp. 335. Constable, 3s. 6d. net.
- Bremner, Robert Locke. *The Modern Pilgrimage from Theology to Religion*. Popular edition. 7½×5½. Pp. 296. Constable, 2s. 6d. net.
- Haeckel's *The Evolution of Man*: a popular scientific study. Translated from the fifth (enlarged) edition by Joseph McCabe. Vol. i.—Human Embryology, or Ontogeny. 8½×5½. Pp. 178. Watts, 6d. net.
- [Vol. ii, completing the work, will be published in September.]
- Russell, George W. E. *William Ewart Gladstone*. Fifth edition. Pp. 292. Stanmore, Low. *The Earl of Aberdeen*. Third edition. Pp. 330. Each 7½×5½. Prime Ministers of England Series. Dent, 2s. 6d. net each.
- [Originally issued in Messrs. Sampson, Low's "Queen's Prime Ministers" series, taken over by Messrs. Dent and renamed "Prime Ministers of England."]
- Rawlinson, W. G. *Turner's Liber Studiorum*, a description and a catalogue. Second edition, revised throughout. 9½×5½. Pp. lvi, 244. Macmillan, 20s. net.

SPORT.

- Fishermen's Weather*. By upwards of one hundred living anglers. Edited by F. G. Aflalo. With 8 full-page illustrations in colour from paintings by Charles Whymper. 8×5½. Pp. xii, 256. Black, 7s. 6d. net.
- Grenfell, F. H. *Swedish Gymnastics as a Physical Training for the British Schoolboy*. 7½×4½. Pp. 28. Simpkin, Marshall, 6d. net.
- [An address delivered at the Annual Conference (1905) of the Association of Preparatory Schools. Reprinted from the "Preparatory Schools Review."]

THEOLOGY.

- Fotheringham, Rev. David Ross. *The Chronology of the Old Testament*. 7½×5. Pp. 143. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, 3s. net.
- Walker, Rev. W. L. *Christian Theism and a Spiritual Monism*. God, Freedom, and Immortality in View of Monistic Evolution. 9½×6. Pp. 484. Edinburgh: Clark, 9s.
- Warde, Rev. F. W. Orde. *The Keeper of the Keys*. Essays on Christian thought in the twentieth century. 7½×5. Pp. 209. Francis Griffiths, 5s. net.
- Brown, David S. *The Home of Faith*. 7½×5½. Pp. 175. Francis Griffiths, 3s. 6d. net.
- Swann, N. E. Egerton. *New Lights on the Old Faith*. Sermons for the times. 7½×5. Pp. 179. Francis Griffiths, 3s. net.
- Sayce, Professor A. H. *Archæology and Criticism*. Smyth, Rev. Newman. *The Spiritual Quality in Evolution*. Abbotts, Rev. Edwin A. *Illusion in Religion*. Barnard, P. Mordaunt. *The Interpretation of the New Testament in Modern Life and Thought*. Frankland, William Barrett. *Doctrine and Theory*. Essays for the Times, Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Each 7½×5. Francis Griffiths, 6d. net each.
- Bodley, John Edward Courtenay. *The Church in France*. Two lectures delivered at the Royal Institution. 8½×5½. Pp. 182. Constable, 3s. 6d. net.
- Letters and Reflections of Fénelon*. Edited by B. W. Randolph, D.D. 5½×3½. Pp. xii, 158. Devotional Library. Mowbray, 1s. net.
- Literary Illustrations of the Bible*. Edited by James Moffatt, D.D. The Gospel According to Saint Matthew. 5½×4. Pp. 187. Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. 6d. net.
- Smith, Goldwin. *In Quest of Light*. 7½×5. Pp. 177. The Macmillan Co., 4s. net.
- [Most of the papers contained in this volume appeared originally in the form of letters to the *New York Sun*. They aim at giving some guidance to those perplexed by certain religious problems.]
- Jones, Rufus M. *The Double Search: studies in Atonement and Prayer*. 7½×5. Pp. 106. Headley, 2s. net.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- Battersby, H. F. Prevost. *India Under Royal Eyes*. 165 illustrations from photographs taken by the author. 9×5½. Pp. 453. Allen, 12s. 6d. net.
- [Some chapters have appeared in the *Morning Post*.]
- Okey, Thomas. *The Story of Paris*. Illustrations by Katherine Kimball. Mediaeval Towns Series. 7×4½. Pp. 448. Dent, 4s. 6d. net.
- Cromarty, Deas. *Pictureque Lancashire (North of the Ribble)*. Illustrations and a map. The Shire Series. 7½×5½. Pp. 141. Valentine, 2s. 6d. net.
- Villari, Luigi. *Fire and Sword in the Caucasus*. Illustrated. 9×5½. Pp. 347. Unwin, 10s. net.
- [With a chronological table of recent events in the Caucasus.]
- Clinch, George. *St. Paul's Cathedral, London*. Little Guides series. 6½×4. Pp. 231. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.
- Armstrong, Arthur C.; and Inglis, Harry R. G. *Short Spins Round London*. 285 Maps and Plans. 6½×3½. Pp. 303. Gall & Inglis, 2s. net.

THE BOOKSHELF

The System of the Stars. By Agnes M. Clerke (Black, 20s. net). *Modern Cosmogonies*. By Agnes M. Clerke (Black, second edition).—In her preface Miss Clarke ventures upon the statement that "Astronomy is essentially a popular science." This might well be challenged; but no exception can be taken to the principle which the writer founds upon this assumption; that a proper literary treatment of a scientific subject, such as astronomy, is likely to clear it of unnecessary technicalities and specialisations, and thereby to popularise it. And in the highest sense, though not perhaps in the broadest, it may be said that this book deserves to succeed in its object, for it has the remarkable feature of combining extraordinary profusion of precise information with an elegance of literary style quite unusual in scientific authors. This conjunction of merits is bound to recommend the book to the average student of the stars, the person, that is, who has read a few books on the subject, and who has enjoyed gazing at the heavens with a field-glass or a small telescope; while it will possess no less weight upon this score with what may be termed the class of regular astronomers. On the other hand, it is to be feared that the book will never be popular in the sense of serving as an introduction to astronomy for the average layman, who may be ignorant as yet of the subject, but willing to learn; for it postulates a certain amount of knowledge, just as it requires a certain amount of enthusiasm and attention for its intelligent perusal. One of the first comments which occurs to the reader is upon the extraordinary magnitude of the task which sidereal astronomy sets itself; a second is upon the vast extent of the knowledge already acquired. As to the first, to quote Miss Clerke's words, it is no less than: "to investigate the nature, origin, and relationship of thirty million stars, and of one hundred and twenty thousand nebulae . . . to assign each its place and rank in the universal order . . . and thus at last rise to the higher synthesis embracing the grand mechanism of the entire." With such a programme it is obvious that: "the prospects of its advance are incalculable; the possibilities of its development virtually infinite." But it is difficult to know whether to marvel more at the potential, or at the actual scope of our knowledge. Certainly the sum of our acquaintance with the stars, as set forth in this book, is a matter of profound wonder in consideration of the state of accumulated knowledge even a few years ago, and of the appalling distances at which the objects of inquiry exist. It gives a good conceit of the power of the human mind, and of the astronomical mind in particular. Of course, the bulk of recent progress in investigation of the stars has been due to the spectroscopic and to vastly improved methods of photography, though the telescope can never be superseded, nor the work of earnest observers rendered nugatory. The fact that stars, unutterably distant, can be weighed and measured, their velocity calculated, and their chemical composition determined with comparative accuracy, may now be taken with composure by the regular astronomer, but must still be regarded as something of a miracle by the average student of the heavens. The book is well arranged, and the subjects are treated in a logical sequence. First, stars are considered spectrographically, chemically, and physically. The temporary and variable stars are mentioned in some detail and are carefully classified, several of the latter being admirably illustrated by light-curve diagrams. This naturally leads to the consideration of double stars, stellar orbits, and variable doubles, of which the numerous varieties as regards period, size, and colour are well described. From double stars it is but a step to "double-doubles," and to multiple stars, whence another step takes us to star clusters, and one more to nebulae. In this series of gradations Miss Clerke seems to indicate that we are working backward; we are tracing the evolutionary processes back to their beginnings, although the relations and methods of inter-action of bodies of various densities, at distances which are necessarily unknown, must remain largely a matter for conjecture. The distances and proper motions of the stars lead up to that apparently baffling problem of the Milky Way, closely allied with which is that of the structure of the heavens, to which Miss Clerke devotes two careful and lucid chapters. Mention has been made of the admirable literary style of the book; but this very merit brings into sharp relief a very inelegant phrase in the note to Fig. 22, which should be altered in future editions. The text is illustrated by many excellent drawings and photographs.

The larger part of "Modern Cosmogonies" has already appeared in the pages of *Knowledge* and *Knowledge and Illustrated Scientific News*, whose readers will doubtless welcome the opportunity of obtaining the essays bound together in proper form. Much that has been said of the former book applies also to this, which is perhaps the most brilliant example of Miss Clerke's work. *Modern Cosmogonies* is, however, on a different plane from the *System of the Stars*. It aims rather at summarising existing theories and enumerating new ones, than recording facts or basing generalities upon them. And to this extent it is the more advanced and the more ingenious production. Freed from the trammels of description and classification, Miss Clerke gives rein to her literary instinct and to her scientific imagination. And, indeed, in this phrase we have the key-note of the book. Imagination is a very necessary quality for an inductive thinker, a propounder of theories. Theorising is a fascinating occupation, for which imagination is as necessary as facts, but, if the imagination be not scientific, there is danger of the theorising becoming fantastic. In this respect Miss Clerke seems to us to possess exactly the right spirit, to be at once careful in dealing with existing theories, and reasonably courageous in advancing conclusions of her own. To any one interested in modern

Inquiries regarding the origin of the world, this book may be confidently recommended as both fascinating and profound.

Our Stellar Universe; stereoscopic star-charts and spectroscopic key-maps. By T. E. Heath. (King, Sell and Olding, ros. net.)—In this book Mr. Heath elaborates an ingenious idea, which he has already brought forward in two separate volumes similarly named. The main principle can hardly be better or more concisely described than in the author's own prefatory words: "All the stars to the fifth magnitude, and such other stars as the author could collect parallax for are projected, without distortion, upon twenty-six plane surfaces, each fifty degrees square. The star discs are drawn to a scale of magnitude, and in the key-maps the magnitude, spectrum and parallax, when known, are written against each star. From the key-maps the stereoscopic charts are made. In these the stars appear to give light proportionately to magnitude and to be in the constellation as seen from the earth, but to be hanging in space of three dimensions; those of which the parallax is known at their relative distances; the remainder at estimated average distances." The greater portion of the text consists of an explanation of the author's idea and method, and of an introduction to the study of the stars in accordance therewith. The idea is clever and original; and it is worked out in such a way as to be of considerable assistance to any one who will follow it out carefully. As the author points out, many astronomers appear to have fallen into the habit of regarding the space of the heavens as spherical; while the average star-map projected upon a plane surface necessarily involves a compromise leading to error. Mr. Heath's system is an antidote to misconceptions of this nature, while the wonderful vividness of the stereoscopic star-charts supplies a stimulus to such minds as do not easily think in three dimensions. Of course, Mr. Heath has to make some compromises himself in order to render his effects intelligible to the ordinary student possessed of ordinary eyesight. He has been obliged, in fact, to magnify the parallaxes 10,000 times, as if the earth revolved at a mean distance from the sun of 1,767,000,000,000 miles, instead of 93,000,000 miles. This, however, in no way detracts from the essential accuracy of the charts, which have been plotted with extreme care. The study of these through even an ordinary stereoscope is extremely fascinating, and would be still more so for any one who took the trouble to follow out the author's suggestion with regard to perforating the cards and covering the holes with gelatine dyed to correspond with the characteristic colour of each star. Turning to *Ursa Major* as our oldest friend among the constellations, it is very interesting to observe how the difference in the parallaxes of the principal components is illustrated by Mr. Heath's method. α *Ursæ majoris* has a parallax of .046" ?? θ the same, η .095"; while β , γ , δ , ϵ , ζ , and g are each .0165". In the stereoscope η stands out apparently twice as near as α and θ , while the others drop back again, all in the same plane, well behind the plane of α and θ . This gives the student a vivid sense of their community which no verbal statement could possibly achieve. Besides the text already mentioned, the star-charts and key-maps, there are tables, one to find the sun power of any star, and another for working parallaxes for placing the stars in the stereoscopic charts; and there is an admirable index of each of the principal stars, giving a reference to the key-maps, its R.A. and declination, its magnitude and type of spectrum, its distance in light-years, hypothetical diameter in miles, sun power and other data. Mr. Heath has certainly produced a book which will be of interest to every astronomer.

Church Music. (Dolphin Press, Philadelphia.) *The Passing of the Precentor*. By Duncan Fraser. (W. J. Haig, Edinburgh.)—Some time ago we had pleasure in calling attention to the first number of an important journal called *Church Music*, which deals with its subject from the Roman Catholic point of view as influenced by the recent *motu proprio*. The second, a Lenten number, is now before us, and proves even better than the first. It begins "Gregorian Rhythm, a theoretical and practical course," by the Very Rev. Dom André Morguereau, O.S.B., Prior of Solesmes. This is a matter of such importance, and is, moreover, treated with such learning and in so fundamental a manner, that it should be read and studied by all musicians quite apart from its particular bearing on the liturgical services of the Roman Church. An article, "On Recitation," by the Rev. Ludwig Bouvin, S.J., appears to recommend a practice which has been used during the last half-century by every parish church in England boasting a "musical" service. If, hitherto, Roman churches have been spared vocal recitation with organ accompaniment as a substitute for music, we may counsel those in authority to hear its result in certain Anglican churches before they introduce it to their own. Other important articles are "The Official Lyrical," by the Editor, and a second instalment of the article on "Woman's part in the *motu proprio*." Easter music rightly takes an important place in this number, including an illustrated article on "The Gradual for Easter day," and there are some forty pages of "Chronicle and Comments." The musical supplements, settings of offertories for feasts of the B.V. Mary, are written in a dignified ecclesiastical style by the Rev. Ludwig Bouvin.—It may, perhaps, seem incongruous to include in the same note with this record of modern activity in the greatest of the churches, a notice of a modest little volume which calls to mind the individual efforts of men who filled the "desk" in the Scottish kirk of the last century. The "precentors" of Scotland were to the people what the organists of North Germany were in the eighteenth century, objects of interest and pride in every parish and centre of all local musical activity. In *The Passing of the Precentor*, by

Duncan Fraser, the author has put on record a number of personal details of the lives and work of these worthies, which it were, indeed, a pity to lose. That the book is slight and sketchy is no fault, and it is adorned with a number of portraits of its heroes, which help to make it a charming little volume. We shall never know how much of the great artistic movements of the world are built upon the foundations of humble and lowest effort in obscure corners. It is far from desirable that this effort should be written and talked of and lose its natural beauty by being paraded in the Press, but this little volume is a timely tribute to a type of artist who cannot be spoilt by it, since he has departed in favour of the organist and choirmaster.

In so amusing and bright a book as Mr. J. Henry Harris's *Cornish Saints and Sinners* (Lane, 6s.) we are sorry to find a few lapses from good taste, which spoil what otherwise would have been—with the aid of Mr. Raven-Hill's drawings—a very good piece of work. Every one who knows the legends of the Cornish Saints knows they they are full of quaintness, that they amuse as well as touch by their *naïveté*, and that, simply told, they are delightful. No stories in the world are less in need of "modern humour" to make an effect, and yet we find Mr. Harris feebly and coarsely imitating Mark Twain at his very worst, with the result that the feelings of any person of taste must be shocked. Take his version of the story of St. Michael and the Conger, "St. Michael had got rid of the very last drop of the L.L. whiskey"—"St. Michael was the gold medallist of his college, and could put two and two together with the help of his fingers"—"The saint took that [the giant's telescope], but forgot to send a 'return' to Somerset House, and pay death duties"—"There was no time to advise the newspapers, and get special correspondents on the spot, but it was reported that the battle [between the Saint and the Devil] was tough and long." What is this but vulgarity and silliness conjoined, as they usually are? But for such errors as these, we should have been glad to recommend a book the appearance of which we can now only lament.

Jewish Encyclopædia. Vol. xii. (Funk and Wagnall.) The twelfth and last volume of the *Jewish Encyclopædia* is one of the most interesting and representative of the series. The two chief articles appropriately deal with the Talmud, called by Heine the Bastille of Judaism, and with Zionism, which he might with equal fairness have designated its Revolution, thus treating of the corner-stones of both orthodox and modern Judaism. The Talmud, that giant cyclopædia of theology, medicine, mathematics, botany, law, was the great whetstone on which the intellect of mediæval Jewry was sharpened, and the extraordinary Jewish genius for subtlety and casuistry may be well realised when it is understood that there are no less than one hundred and ninety-four branches of Talmudic Law, and no less than one hundred and seventy commentaries on the Talmud which was itself, in its original essence, a commentary on the Bible. The article on Zionism (by Professor Gottheit), which contains an illustration of the interview in Palestine between Dr. Herzl and the Emperor William, is in every way comprehensive, giving the history of the movement from the Messianic aspirations that followed the dispersion down to the formation of the Jewish Territorial Organisation under the leadership of Mr. Zangwill. Among the numerous other contributions we would mention in particular the article on the Temple by Mr. J. D. Eisenshein, which has a full-page illustration of the Holy of Holies and those from the pen of Mr. Jacobson, "Types," "Typography" and "The United States." It is interesting to notice that the current conception of the Jews as a brunette race needs considerable modification, and that not only do many of them exhibit either the mixed or the blonde type but that the distribution of the blonde type among Jews is in inverse proportion to its distribution among Gentiles. In the article on the United States a pregnant comment on the alien problem is supplied by the fact that a million have immigrated during the last quarter of a century. With the twelfth volume is published a compact and adequate guide to the *Encyclopædia* by Mr. Jacobs. Taking the twelve volumes together they contain sixteen thousand six hundred and six general articles which treat over one hundred and fifty thousand subsidiary subjects, and contain two thousand four hundred and sixty-four illustrations. Speaking generally the work is efficient, although here and there the style halts owing to an inadequate translation from one of the six hundred and four cosmopolitan contributors. The chief impression left, however, by the *Encyclopædia* is that of the disproportionate predominance of the Jews in finance, literature, art, the drama, journalism, medicine and law. Coming, moreover, at a time when Zionism is entering on a more modern and practical phase, the work is particularly significant as an eloquent testimony to the power and existence of the Jewish race.

The National Gallery, London: I. *The Flemish School*. By Frederick Wedmore; II. *The Dutch School*. By Gustave Geffroy. (Newnes, 3s. 6d. net each.)—To their admirably planned "Art Library"—the volumes in which have hitherto been devoted to individual painters—Messrs. Newnes are now adding a companion series on the same lines dealing with "The Art Galleries of Europe." The format of the new series is practically the same as the old, the only change being a quarter cloth instead of vellum binding, while the contents remain the same, a maximum of well-chosen reproductions with a minimum of critical and descriptive letterpress. The opening of the Guildhall exhibition gives a special topical interest to "The Flemish School," whose achievements as seen at the National Gallery are summed up by Mr. Wedmore in a well-balanced and gracefully written essay.

Monsieur Geoffroy's essay on "The Dutch School" has not the literary charm of Mr. Wedmore's, and in our opinion Hals and Hobbema deserve lengthier consideration than they receive, but the main facts regarding Rembrandt and the "Little Masters" of Holland are adequately stated. The reproductions in both volumes are good, though the half-tone blocks after Rembrandt's work might, with care, have produced clearer and distincter impressions.

La Bibliofolia, Rivista dell' Arte Antica in Libri, Stampe, Manoscritti, Autografi e Legature is a periodical publication which might be better known than it is in this country, among those who are interested in books as well for their binding and printing as for their contents. It is published and edited in Florence by the proprietor, Commendatore Leo S. Olschki. The articles which see the light in its pages are of various interest. The most important features in the numbers now before us (November and December 1905 and January 1906) are: an article by C. Lozzi, with many reproductions from old pictures, on the Festivals of the Communes of Italy; one by Hugues Vaganay on a book entitled "Le Douzième Livre d'Amadis de Gaule, contenant Quelle in prindrent les Loyales Amours d'Agésilas de Colchos et de la Princesse Diane . . . Traduit nouvellement d'Espagnol en François." Paris 1556 by G. Aubert de Poitiers, dedicated to Madame Diane de Poitiers, Duchesse de Valentinois; and an excellent review, with many coloured illustrations, by Leo S. Olschki of the work of M. Henry-René D'Allemagne, "Les Cartes à Jouer du XIV^e au XX^e Siècle." Of equal (or even greater) value with the letterpress are the illustrations, each issue containing a large number of beautifully executed reproductions, both in line and colour, of bindings, title-pages, frontispieces, woodcuts, illuminated pages, ex-libris and so forth. Amateurs and collectors will find much useful information and suggestive reading in the current notices of sales by auction and articles on the management of libraries, the various problems of the book-trade, and fresh discoveries of inscriptions or manuscripts.

To their series of "Modern Master Draughtsmen," Messrs. Newnes have added the *Drawings of Rossetti* and *Drawings of John M. Swan, R.A.* (7s. 6d. net each), and a comparison between these two volumes leads one to reflect what varying, even conflicting qualities may be grouped under the common head of "drawing." If by this word is understood the accurate delineation of form, then surely Mr. Swan must be reckoned the more accomplished of the two. Of Rossetti it has been finely said, "he couldn't draw a man; but he created a woman," and the phrase makes one pause to consider whether the creative faculty, inventiveness, rather than a habit of keen observation and conscientious reproduction, is not the better part of draughtsmanship. Now Mr. Swan can draw anything. It is true he is best known as an animal painter, but his rendering of the human form is not less scholarly and correct even though it lack the masterly breadth of treatment and unity of vision which hall-mark his studies of beasts. Turning over the leaves of this volume of reproductions, gazing at these lionesses, tigers, polar bears and leopards, we exclaim admiringly, How life-like, how natural, how true, what splendid modelling, what a sense of movement, what superb drawing! Such expressions do not rise to the lips when we take up the other volume of drawings by Rossetti. Opening it, we find we have left the world of facts for the land of dreams, we have exchanged the finely seen for the finely imagined. When he sees such compositions as the *Mary at the door of Simon*, the craftsman may laud the balance of the design, the magic web of intricate patterning which the artist has spun, but the layman has only one phrase. How beautiful! We cannot say, nor do we wish to say of Rossetti's drawings, How life-like! Can we say of Mr. Swan's, How beautiful? Rarely; for Mr. Swan is not primarily occupied with beauty. And herein lies the difference between him and Rossetti. The latter appeals, almost feverishly, to our emotions; Mr. Swan, soberly, to our intellect. Rossetti from the depths of his imagination has brought forth beauty, beauty laden with sensuous charms and saddened a little by the thought of all the sin those charms have caused. Mr. Swan, alert and open-eyed, has journeyed from the poles to the tropics, and faithfully reproducing his observations, tells us the truth about the beast. Often enough the beast is a magnificent creature, majestic in repose, graceful in action. Our sympathy goes out to it and we are grateful to Mr. Swan for the introduction. But when all is said and done it remains a beautiful object rather than a creation of beauty, and this objective beauty leaves us admiring but cold, it cannot quicken the pulse or warm the heart. Inasmuch as it is the end of art to give enjoyment and not to stimulate criticism one should be content with the excellent way in which the drawings in either volume are reproduced. Some reproductions in colour of Mr. Swan's sketches are unusually successful, while the rendering of Mr. Hollier's photograph of Rossetti's "Study for the Salutation" is a revelation of the wonderful way in which colour can be suggested by a monotone. At the first glance it seems an impossibility that the same ink has been used for the eyes and the lips. In the matter of selection, too, the volumes leave little room for complaint, though perhaps more of Rossetti's Tennysonian illustrations might have been given. But the student who wishes to learn as well as to enjoy may reasonably suggest that the method of arrangement leaves room for improvement. From his point of view chronological order should be strictly observed and dates or approximate dates given on all plates. Such an arrangement could be displeasing to no one and would undoubtedly increase the utility of the volumes by allowing the development of the artist to become more easily manifest.

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